JOHN BULL, week ending June 6, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1877

3D EVERY THURSDAY

BATTLE BEHIND THE BATTLE by A.G.G.

HITLER SENDS FOR HIS TERRORISTS

WATCH VESTED INTERESTS by the EDITOR

I GO FURTHER WHEN YOU DRINK COCOA

You need to get the greatest goodness—the utmost nourishment—out of every drop of milk to-day. Here is the way to do it. When you use milk as a drink, remember cocoa helps the milk to do you even more good. Your doctor will tell you that cocoa is a food in itself. And you know how the children love it! If you want your milk and money to go further—your meals to be even more nourishing—remember BOURNVILLE.

Make the most of your milk with

BOURNVILLE COCOA

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

5D

And, by the way, it keeps better in a tin

Women are finding that

THE NEW LESS-WATER WASHING METHOD

certainly saves their Rinso

HAVE you tried the new less-water method of doing the weekly wash which makes your ration of Rinso last out so well? Lots of women are enthusiastic about it. They find their clothes come beautifully clean and yet they can do their wash with only about half of the Rinso they normally use.

Here's what you do. You make suds with Rinso and the hot water out of your tap. *But you make only enough suds just to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.* Rinso's so efficient that it cleans the clothes

OLD WAY NEW WAY

even though you've used so little. *The less water you use, the less Rinso you'll need.*

You don't have to do any boiling with this less-water method. You just let your whites soak for 12 minutes. When they're done, take them out and put your coloureds to soak for 12 minutes *in the same suds.*

SAVES ON FUEL, TOO!

Not only does this method save up to half of the Rinso you normally use but it saves coal, gas or electricity, too. You see, you're not having to boil the clothes and you use very little of your hot tap water. So it's in the National interest—as well as your own—to do the wash this way

Don't forget, Rinso does all your washing and the washing-up, too. You'll use less Rinso if your washing-up bowl is a small one.

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 12 ozs. (2 coupons) 7d., 6 ozs. (1 coupon) 3½d. (Weights nett when manufactured.)

JB

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BEAUTY *answers the call . . .*

But . . being a hard working W.A.A.F. won't spoil that Schoolgirl Complexion

When you're too keen on your new job to bother about other things, it's good to know you can still look your loveliest without elaborate beauty treatments, Just take a daily Palmolive bath. Millions of women have proved that its rich, velvety olive-oil lather is a natural beauty treatment. *Your* skin will soon show that Palmolive is all you need to keep yourself "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

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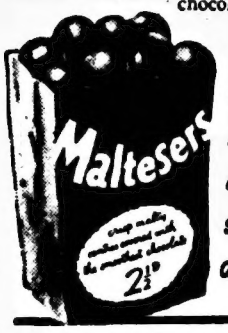
3½d. Including Tax.

Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. What a moment when the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned! Even today you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp lookout. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres—that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating.



GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

If you feel a filmy coating when you run the tip of your tongue over your teeth, you need Irium—the new super-cleanser used in Pepsodent. That film collects stains, breeds decay, makes teeth dingy. Irium flushes it away—keeps it away by polishing teeth so shiny-smooth that film slides off. Change to Irium. Then you will see as well as feel the brilliant difference it makes to your teeth.

7'd. 1/3, 2/2 Including Tax

PEPSODENT

"WHAT'S HYSTERIA?"

Lack of essential vitamins in war-time dog-diet is held by many authorities to be the prime cause of hysteria and other deficiency diseases in dogs. BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE makes good this lack—keeps a dog's nerves steady and promotes all-round A1 condition—whatever his breed or age. Used by leading kennels for 106 years.

At Chemists and Corn Merchants.

Useful leaflet—"*Feeding your Dog in Wartime*"—post free on receipt of 1d. stamp. Write to:
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26, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

This Week's FOOD FACTS

Packed-Meal Menus

Preparing packed meals is quite a job, now that so many of the things that used to go into sandwiches have vanished. But your family still expect something tasty in the dinner packet, and there's no need to disappoint them. Keep a corner of the larder for new sandwich finds and fillings and try some of the suggestions below.

WHIT-SALAD

Time: Preparation 30 minutes. Cooking 15 minutes.

Salad. *Ingredients:* ½ lb. cooked diced potato, 1 small shredded cabbage or ½ lb. spinach, ½ lb. shredded root vegetables, 1 bunch watercress.

Potato Eggs. *Ingredients:* ½ lb. cooked mashed potatoes, 2 ozs. grated cheese, ½ lb. shredded carrot, ½ teaspoonful salt, pinch of pepper.

Dressing. *Ingredients:* 1 teacupful milk, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, ½ teaspoonful mustard, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 1 teaspoonful parsley and 1 teaspoonful mint, chopped together.

Quantity: 4 helpings. *Method:* To make Potato Eggs, mix the carrots and grated cheese together and form into balls with a little potato if necessary. Cover the balls with a thick layer of potato and cut in halves. Arrange round the dish to look like hard-boiled eggs. Place the cooked diced potato in the centre of the dish. Add the chopped cabbage or spinach and shredded root vegetables. Decorate with watercress. Make the dressing by mixing all its ingredients together. Serve with the salad.

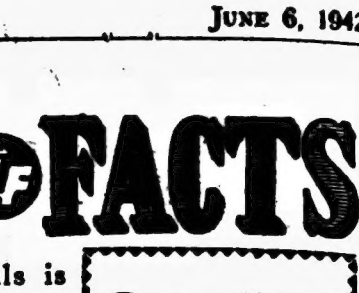
GOOD EATING

How about these suggestions for new fillings? 1. Shredded cheese and chutney or cooked beetroot. 2. Cooked mashed potato, yeast extract and chopped parsley. 3. Chopped grilled bacon and lettuce. 4. Mashed sardines, pilchards, herring or haddock, mixed with shredded, fresh carrot.

Instead of always cutting bread, make savoury scones (recipe given below).

SAVOURY SCONES

Time: Preparation 10 minutes. Cooking 10 minutes. *Ingredients:* 4 oz. national flour, 4 oz. medium oatmeal, 1 oz. fat, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, ½ teaspoonful salt, 2 oz. shredded cheese, 'household' milk or milk and water. *Quantity:* 6-8 scones. *Method:* Mix dry ingredients, rub in fat and work enough milk or milk and water to make a really soft dough. Flatten out on floured board, cut in triangles, place on a greased sheet and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) till brown.



Plan your points and obey the rules
Just as you did with your football pools:
You'll find yourself an up-and-upper
At breakfast, dinner, tea and supper.

Listen to the Kitchen Front —8.15 every morning.

FOOD FACTS No. 94a THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

HOW TO END INDIGESTION

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

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Thanks to Fennings

CHILDREN'S POWDERS
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SINGLY OR IN BOXES 1/3 and 3/-
Prevent Convulsions
Check Teething Setbacks
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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 6, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

COMB OUT

● Mr. Bevin has cause for pride.

No country in history, as he says, has equalled our feat of mobilising two out of every three available people for the war effort.

But are all of those 24,000,000 people-in-the-war allowed to pull their full weight?

"John Bull" doubts it.

At a North-Western factory, hundreds of girls have been stopped. They have not been found alternative work until the factory can resume production—they have been put on the "dole."

In the West Country, a blacksmith found himself without a job. He could have found work at a near-by factory, but the Employment Exchange refused him his cards.

He was told he would be transferred to another district. The arrangements fell through. So, for a month, he has been drawing 38s. a week "dole."

At a Northern gas works, the entrances are guarded not only by relays of gatemen, but by police, who have nothing more to do than lounge in the mess-room.

These varied examples of wasted labour are not isolated cases. They point to the need for a new comb-out in workshops and Employment Exchanges.

Straight from the Shoulder

HELL LET LOOSE

WE are on the eve of great events.

The fires of a new hell are scorching the sands of Libya and the plains of the Ukraine, and the flames will spread.

Soon the whole of the World Front will be ablaze.

Lull before Storm

Japan has been dangerously quiet since the fall of Burma. She has not only been digging-in, but preparing a vast new attack.

Like Germany, she dare not stop to rest on her bloodstained laurels.

She must conquer all or be conquered.

Feeling the Pinch

Her conquests have been costly. She is running short of cargo vessels. She is having to nurse her air force as Hitler had to reserve his *Luftwaffe* last winter.

But we dare not bank too much on that.

Japan's power is still formidable. Her savage little warriors must use it quickly before it can be matched by the United Nations' dispositions.

Fourfold Threat

Australia is still menaced, despite American aid. India's defences have been strengthened, but are by no means invulnerable.

Preparations in Formosa suggest a coming attempt to protect Japanese cities against air attack by resuming the war against China that will be five years old next month.

Fourthly, the Japanese troops on the Manchurian frontier are anxious to emulate the "honour" of their brothers in the south by attacking the Soviet Union.

Where and When

Only Tokio knows where the main blow will be aimed. But it seems likely that there will be a simultaneous move towards both India and Australia, with a holding movement in China.

Even more likely is that it will coincide with a last all-out Axis offensive in the West.

Rommel's Drive

Midway between East and West, the Mediterranean is witnessing a gigantic preparation for that offensive. The Libyan fighting heralds the Nazi effort to reach oil.

But it is no mere diversion. It is one prong of the great scissor movement by which Hitler hopes to complete his conquest of Europe, to overrun North Africa and bite into Asia at one and the same time.

It will be a bitter campaign. Rommel has received mighty reinforcements; both sides are fairly evenly matched, though we have some advantage in the air and in man-power.

Forestalled

Rommel had the advantage of position. We are confident of holding him, at the worst, near the Egyptian frontier.

It is still too early to predict the course of the bitter and confused tank war in which vast but obscure changes occur from day to day.

But this much may be said:

We have won the Battle of Malta and thus preserved a base which would have given Rommel a tremendous impetus and loosened our uneasy grip on the Mediterranean.

SOS

True, air raids on the island continue. But Malta has passed her darkest days. Strong forces of Beaufighters, Spitfires, Hurricanes and Bristol Blenheims are reaching her.

We cannot send too many. We must send bombers as well as fighters.

Above all, we must act on the blunt advice of that great sailor, Admiral Cunningham.

Torpedo Craft

He reinforces JOHN BULL'S plea for torpedo-carrying 'planes to scour the Mediterranean.

We shall not win the war unless we first win the long-drawn-out battle of the Mediterranean.

To bar the way to Egypt and the oil of Asia we must put down the U-boats as well as knock out Rommel's tanks.

Trials to Come

In Russia is the mightiest battlefield of all.

Even if the Germans retain Kharkov, Timoshenko's attack has tossed a monkey-wrench into Hitler's war machine.

But the machine still works!

Russian losses cannot be light. The main clash, still to come, will severely tax our ally.

Second Front

Shall we hold our breath while fixing our eyes on the grappling armies?

We must do more than that. Britain and the U.S. must extend their right arms to aid the Soviets in what is the greatest ordeal any nation has ever faced.

The Second Front will be opened. Or, rather, it will be the fourth or fifth major front.

Hitler Prepares

Hitler prepares for it by evacuating civilians from the Norwegian coast, by moving his occupation forces to the French and Belgian coasts and leaving but a handful of men in the interior to rule by terrorism.

He cannot evacuate all Europe. He cannot terrify the Dutch, French, Norwegians, Belgians and Czechs into submission. He does not know where we shall strike or when.

Guessing Game

Let us keep him guessing. Let us keep his armies of occupation on edge. Let us subject his underfed civilians, made glum by Goering's brutal speech, to a war of nerves!

German morale will not crack until the United armies are sweeping towards the German frontiers.

But it can be weakened.

Master Plan

Before we are poised to strike, moreover, a master bombing plan should be decided.

The R.A.F. has been hampered by bad weather. Its luck will change. It must be ready for operations on a scale never before envisaged.

Arrival here of American air chiefs inspires hope that a master plan for the air is being drawn up. It must be sustained by still greater production of aircraft.

Big Figures

It is already great. Our workers have done well; U.S. workers are getting into their stride.

Even by April, Americans were producing more than 3,300 'planes a month; the figure should now be around 4,000.

But we cannot get them quickly enough.

What We Face

The *Luftwaffe* still has 800 fighters and bombers in France, 1,200 in Russia, 500 in Sicily, 500 in Libya, and another 500 in Greece that are probably now detached to aid Rommel.

That is a measure of our needs.

Terrific Task

It must be coupled with the enormous task of providing aircraft to protect shipping off the vast coastline of America; the need of our own Coastal Command to cover the western Atlantic and the North Sea; the needs of China and Russia.

We must have still more bombers to attack Nazi war industries and blast a way into Europe for our troops.

We must make good the lack of 'planes that lost us nearly all the Pacific.

No Spectators

Not all of us can help to make aircraft. But no one in Britain should be a mere spectator of the decisive battles ahead.

There are no idle spectators in Russia. There, young and old are willingly—and eagerly—helping to sustain the men in the front line.

Young Farmers

There, the collection of salvage scrap is left entirely to the children There, in one district alone, a hundred thousand youngsters worked two million labour days on the farms during the summer.

Here in Britain, cranks would deny young people the right to help bring the harvest in!

Let Them Help!

Have no patience with those objections to the Government scheme. It is a fair scheme. It will not strain the young; it should improve their health; it will guarantee them a country holiday.

Nor can there be valid objection to its extension: the chance for children over twelve to volunteer for an extra ten full days' work on the harvest.

Indeed, there should be greater use made of older youths and girls—young folk in their teens—for food production, scrap collection and other vital jobs.

Towards Success

Youth societies should be brought into the war effort, rather than leave young folk merely to play at soldiering and parade in uniform.

All of us, during this most critical of summers, should be exerting our maximum effort.

For the Second Front must be fortified from the Home Front.

(Continued overleaf)

HARD BARGAINS IN SOFT DRINKS

● Lord Woolton is busy on plans to stop a new racket.

We hope he will complete them quickly. For mushroom firms are already invading the mineral water trade to swindle the public.

There's a "fruit drink" substitute of coloured water and saccharine, manufactured for 2d. a bottle, that is sold wholesale at 1s. 6d.

Another of 98 per cent. water, a little citric acid, saccharine and lemon oil, but with no fruit juice, is sold at 2s. a bottle. For the same price there is a "fruit wine" of sweetened and coloured water that costs 1½d. a bottle to make.

When sold to the public at 5d. or 6d. a cordial "inch," with the addition of a little soda-water, such drinks provide a fine profit to publicans.

Unless stopped at once, this new business will reap fortunes during the summer season.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MINERS' demand will be followed by one from other industries for a national wages policy.

Resentment is growing against the present chaotic injustices.

Boys of fourteen, employed on war jobs as "labourers' mates"—pushing wheelbarrows and carrying hods—earn £4 to £6 a week, more than some skilled artisans.

False Picture

Some boys of seventeen get £9 or £10; many trained munition workers take home less than a third as much.

One incidental injustice is that the high wages of lads who appear in the police courts present an entirely false picture of industry.

Most workers are not overpaid. Most earn every penny they receive. And most are rightly indignant that unskilled lads and some adult labourers are being bribed to work.

Flat Rate

It will be suggested to the Government that a flat rate should be laid down for all unskilled labour.

Similar proposal is that railways should charge the same fee for transporting farm produce whatever the distance—just as the post office does for letters.

Tons of cabbages are being wasted in the West Country because of high transport costs.

Not Worth It

Whole fields are being left to rot. It just isn't worth while for the farmers to send their produce to market.

One grower, offered 2d. a pound for leeks in the market when the shop price was 5d., admits that he let them go to seed.

Where Blame is Due

You can't blame the growers. Some who have sent their stuff to market have actually been out of pocket after paying transport charges.

The Government must be blamed for not having established a national transport system, and for allowing too many middlemen to handle food. Economic anarchy still goes on.

Going Straight

So does imprisonment for debt, though most people will be surprised to hear it.

Wife of an ex-Borstal boy has fought hard to keep him straight—and succeeded. But she has a hard job to make ends meet on his wages as a railway lorry-driver.

Now tragedy has overwhelmed them.

Spared for Jail

Their eleven-year-old son ran amok at school with another boy.

The latter was put on probation. His father, who earns big money as an engineering foreman, had to pay 7s. 6d. expenses.

The first boy has gone to an approved school. His father was ordered to pay £3. Unable to do so, he has gone to jail as a debtor. He can be spared for prison, though three times he has been told that he cannot be spared from his job for the Army!

Please, Mr. Morrison!

You can imagine the bitterness of himself and his wife, who is left penniless.

So, we hope, will Mr. Herbert Morrison, who would show both mercy and wisdom by ordering this Stoke-on-Trent man's release.

Made to Wait

Whitehall should also consider the waste of time in police courts.

Two vital war workers, called as witnesses, did not give evidence because the offender pleaded guilty. But they had to wait at the court for hours.

Such waste of time occurs every day. It could be avoided.

Office Hours

Here's more waste of time:

Girls spent 1s. 4d. in fares to volunteer for land service, lost half a day's work, were kept waiting in an office, and at 2.20 p.m. were told by an official that they could not be interviewed as the office would close at three!

We're glad farm work doesn't stop in mid-afternoon.

Out-of-Date

Some Ministry of Labour officials swear that their registration system is absolutely fool-proof, but we suspect them of pulling one another's legs.

Anyhow, one of their Welsh colleagues sent the police to demand why a reader's daughter did not register with her age-group.

She has been in the A.T.S. since January, 1940.

Holiday Season

R.A.F. lads complain that they are no longer wanted in Blackpool.

Formerly they could get into local theatres and cinemas at half-price. Now, with the start of the summer season, they have to pay full price.

Blackpool could afford to be generous.

Better for Tommy

The War Office can be praised for a first-rate reform.

All Army recruits are now being sent to central clearing stations for their preliminary training, for psychological and aptitude tests to determine the kind of job for which they are best suited, and for possible selection as officers.

This new system should end the old nuisance of "square pegs in round holes," a waste of man-power that JOHN BULL has so frequently attacked and may claim to have helped to remove.

Bantams Barred

One man who served three years in the last war has tried in vain to enter the Army again.

He went to Lincoln, passed seven doctors as A1. Then, as his height is just under 5 ft., he was shooed away.

Last week he went to Grimsby, passed five doctors, and was again ploughed for lack of inches.

The German army wouldn't be so particular.

Off the Road

Almost as bored as that man are four volunteers who, joining the R.A.S.C. in 1939 as drivers, haven't turned a wheel for four months, but are employed on cookhouse fatigues and saluting to the front by numbers.

In "civvie street" they held public service vehicle and heavy goods vehicle licences!

Old Soldiers

Rescue men in Middlesbrough A.R.P. have been ordered military drill. Some, at least, are old N.C.O.s of the last war who were discharged as medically unfit.

One of those who protested was sent to a doctor, who certified him unfit for training.

Next day, it is alleged, he was sacked.

Making Sure

That may or may not be true. But the facts should certainly be officially investigated.

And not only Middlesbrough but other towns should make certain that Civil Defence workers are not subjected to military training for which they are quite unfitted.

Kept Out

Mr. Bevin thinks that men of seventy-two can do war work. JOHN BULL must tell him of a younger man who, despite a wallet-full of testimonials, cannot get a chance of a job.

He is a Dutchman who has lived here for thirty-two years. He knows four languages, was employed for years by Cook's and the L.N.E.R.

The Ministry of Labour can do nothing for him. Its attitude towards prospective employers seems to be: "Can you employ a foreigner?"

Mr. Bevin should remind his juniors that the Dutch are our valuable allies.

Russian Bogy

We may even find them more valuable than the "British Israelites" whose anti-Russian twaddle was recently criticised in these columns.

A reader reports that the American members of this curious cult are spreading the same pseudo-religious slanders on our allies.

They predict that Russia will join up with Germany. And they argue that the Anglo-Saxon Powers must fight both Russia and China!

Watch Them

Neither Moscow nor Chungking will pay much heed to this hysterical bunkum.

But London and Washington would do well to see that it is not allowed to grow to wilder ravings.

Defence Gap!

It should also be of interest to official London that a gap of a few hundred feet has been left in the defence works of a famous seaside resort.

Moreover, some hundred tons of iron tubing—left over from the defence works—has lain derelict for a year.

It would make a lot of shells.

Tank Knock-Out

For about the same time, a light Army tank has been laid up in a West Country car-park.

It is a mystery. The military know nothing about it, nor does the local authority.

So presumably it must be left to rot!

Untouched

In Cornwall, too, plenty of material seems available for scrap.

Dumps of old metal abound. In Truro and other towns, ornamental iron gates and railings await the salvagemen, while dustmen refuse to accept glass bottles and jars.

Clearing-house

Everywhere, too, shopkeepers refuse to take back empty jam bottles if they were bought from other shops.

But surely there could be a clearing-house where each manufacturer could recover his own jars?

Glass should be treated as a war material—and housewives who stagger to a shop with a bagful of empty jars should not be treated with disdain.

Turned Out

A large West End house in Sheffield has been occupied for months by people bombed out of their own houses.

They expected to stay till after the war. But, we are informed, they have been ordered out and the house is being converted into four flats with the expenditure of much timber and cement.

Is it really necessary?

Behind the News

- **In six months, U.S.A. armed forces will number 10,000,000 men; 25,000,000 skilled workers will be on munition jobs, 8,000,000 on food growing.**
- *Americans are building ships and submarines hundreds of miles inland and assembling the sections on the coast.*
- New Russian anti-tank gun firing 300 armour-piercing shells a minute may make the standard Nazi strategy obsolete.
- **Greater Jap headache than Vladivostok is Soviet mystery port of Petropavlovsk, a forbidden harbour that is ice-free and well within bombing range of Tokio.**
- *Almost all survivors of first Spanish Blue Legion, just returned from Russia, have refused to renew service contracts.*
- **French factories, working three shifts on German orders and using German methods, are producing less than half the 1940 output.**
- **Argentine public is demanding anti-Axis action. Hitler has regarded Argentina as last and most powerful pro-Nazi country of Latin America!**
- *Reinforcements have reached Axis Fifth Column in Africa; experienced German agents have taken up positions in the French Colonies.*
- Among them is Auer, Nazi "expert" on African natives, who has studied the religious aspects of political propaganda.
- **Marriages in Germany are decreasing heavily. Nazi propaganda has always plugged rising marriage rate as a sign of "the German people's happiness."**
- *Reports of typhus cases in Germany during the thaw are now reaching neutral countries. Recent official Nazi report admitted "isolated cases," even in Berlin.*
- Medical journals in Germany are full of advice to workers how to combat exhaustion and persuasion to take drugs.

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

WATCH VESTED INTERESTS!

ALL men and women of progressive minds agree with Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek that this is "a people's war."

In this country a large majority—drawn from all classes and, indeed, from all parties—purposes to build a better Britain upon the foundation of total victory.

Harold Laski, though he was speaking at the Labour Party Conference, summed up the faith and resolve of progressives generally in one cogent sentence.

"We have done once and for all," he said, "with the mad competitive economic system which spells poverty for all peoples and war as the outcome of that poverty."

JOHN BULL endorses this "people's" determination without reserve—but we warn the country it will not end the old system and establish the new without a bitter struggle.

There is bound to be fighting—not with guns used by brother against brother, but with work and words and votes, the weapons of democracy brought resolutely into play, constitutionally, by the mass of the population against the forces of Vested Interests.

This war within a war cannot be fought now because, in order to defeat the Axis, we have all agreed to postpone the settlement of internal differences.

Hence the Electoral Truce.

But if Mr. Churchill's National Government is to prove worthy of its label, it *must* see that the truce is honestly observed by both sides.

And if the Labour Leaders, who have accepted Office in this Government, mean to deserve their Party's recent and overwhelming vote of confidence, they *must* be prepared to resign rather than permit favouritism.

What is the position to-day? JOHN BULL *has no hesitation in declaring that the powers of Big Business and High Finance are not weaker, but, in many respects, positively stronger than they were before the war.*

Except in one instance, we do not accuse the Government of deliberate connivance with the forces of reaction, but we do warn it that it will stand in dire peril should it permit further encroachment by the Vested Interests.

The one instance which arouses our deep suspicion and alarm is the bargain which the Ministry of War Transport has recently struck with the shipowners.

Little publicity was given to this queer deal which amounts to an undertaking that the merchant ships, which the Government has built and is now building to combat the U-boat menace, will be handed over to private ownership at the conclusion of hostilities.

Why? No immediate war need is affected. The shipowners are making fair profits, and there can be no shadow of justification for assuring them in advance that such a vital part of national transport will be allowed to remain in their hands.

Delegates to the Labour Party Conference roared their disapproval, and we hope that Labour M.P.s will fight it tooth and nail.

WE are now in the throes of a coal crisis, and we say deliberately that this has been brought about mainly by the Vested Interests.

The Government must, of course, share the blame for its failure to anticipate the fuel shortage which has become so acute.

Nevertheless, the owners, the distributors and the factors have consistently hampered production rather than forgo their own privileges.

They have resisted wage increases and they have, in some cases at least, preferred to keep their richer and easier seams unworked in order to strengthen their post-war profit-making.

Worse than this; they have cruelly and unfairly endeavoured to put the blame for under-production on the shoulders of the miners. They have falsely suggested that the problem could be solved by making the men work longer hours.

JOHN BULL refutes this lie. A great many miners are now middle-aged or elderly. They are discontented, and rightly discontented, with wages and conditions, and there is some absenteeism, due in the main to fatigue. But, for the most part, these valiant shock troops of industry are working to capacity.

They ask for nothing but a square deal; a minimum wage comparable to that earned by workers in munition factories; and an assurance that their maximum effort will be used for victory and not for profits.

We will not discuss the question of returning men from the Services and other industries to the pits. We merely assert that the opposition of the 1922 Committee to the Beveridge Rationing scheme was largely occasioned by the dislike of Vested Interests to any form of control whatever.

Let's face it: fuel rationing of one kind or another is bound to come, and Government control of mining itself, also in one form or another, is no less inevitable. It should have been imposed at the outbreak of hostilities, and with it an absolute State direction of every form of transport.

But the progressives are *not* asking to-day for complete nationalisation either of the mines or of transport. They are simply holding the Cabinet to its specific promise to organise the full resources of the State "*without regard to Vested Interests.*"

We need not be afraid of a word, for most of us believe in "socialism," not as a Party label, but as a convenient term for the fairer social order which we so ardently desire.

This will almost certainly involve nationalisation of many things—of the mines and of transport to begin with, and, very likely, of the machinery of credit and the ownership of land

JOHN BULL is confident that it is voicing an immense majority opinion when it says that there is no intention to "put socialism over on the sly."

No sensible or fair-minded person wishes to rush through great reforms without a certain and declared public mandate for them; nobody wants a repetition of "the Khaki Election" which followed the last war.

It is generally agreed that many controls and restrictions will have to be maintained long after the last gun is silent.

But the people will not tolerate a consolidation of Vested Interests under cover of the truce.

They have permitted a deal with the railways which has guaranteed the companies' profits handsomely in order to secure national control of the railways for duration.

They have watched, without open protest, but with some anxiety, the appointment of the representatives of Big Business to all the principal controls of the industries concerned.

They have accepted, albeit with reluctance, all sorts of schemes for rationalisation, although these have so far resulted in the suppression of many "little men" and the increased strength of large combines and chain stores.

But they will not allow Vested Interests in the coalfields either to defy the Government or to cheat the men.

They will not passively submit to any attempt by the shipowners, or others, to fortify their positions and build them into impregnable Tobruks against the advance of the people in the coming war to win the peace.

It's Better Than a Secret Weapon

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

JUST before the war, on the ferry from Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, I met a party of German tourists. They were on holiday. It was a sad affair.

The eyes in each German face were two straight lines. The mouth was a third. They were on holiday. Not a smile in the bunch of them.

You'd have thought that having a German holiday in July, 1939, was the most depressing thing on earth. And probably it was.

★ ★ ★

I'd forgotten all about that party of German tourists until this morning, when I was going through an old album of pictures of the last war. One picture was of some thousands of German prisoners behind barbed wire on the old Western Front.

And the odd thing about that picture was that the thousands of German prisoners behind barbed wire looked exactly like the handful of German tourists *not* behind barbed wire on the Isle of Wight boat in 1939.

It seemed to be as depressing to be a German in prison as to be a German on holiday.

I turned the pages of that old album and saw many pictures of German celebrities of twenty-five years ago. The Kaiser—dozens of him—Von Kluck, Hindenburg, the rest of them. And not a smile in the bunch of them. At the time many of the pictures were taken they were actually *winning*. Still, not a smile in the bunch of them.

They looked then as they look now—a nation that can't see the joke.

But there were other pictures. Pictures of Lloyd George smiling, Woodrow Wilson grinning, George V laughing. And at the time many of these pictures were taken we were actually *losing*.

★ ★ ★

There was nothing to laugh at, but our side laughed. And the other side didn't.

And the other side doesn't now. . . .

Hitler. Grim, solemn, taking himself more seriously than you'd think a man could. Mussolini. Frowning, snarling, showing his teeth.

But take the pictures you see of Churchill and Roosevelt—even the few you see of Stalin.

Joke or no joke, our side can get a laugh out of something.

Man is the only laughing animal. Goats don't laugh, stoats, tigers, elephants. Only men. And man came, in not such a very long time as centuries ago, to rule the lot. Laughing man.

★ ★ ★

No doubt, once upon a time, elephants had a go at trying to rule the lot. Also tigers. Other kinds, too. It didn't come off. Only laughing men reached the top of the ladder. The other animals hadn't come far enough out of the jungle to acquire the necessary sense of humour.

Germans have had a try or two. They have been strong, like elephants. They have been ferocious, like tigers. But it hasn't come off. It won't.

They haven't come far enough out of the jungle.

They cannot, as a race, *laugh*.

It'll be all right, you'll see.

WILL SCOTT.

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—You have one outstanding distinction—the loudest voice in the Commons.

What a pity you do not use it to plead for the poorest and most patient section of the community!

The old-age pensioners have no powerful representatives. No M.P. is in their pocket They have no funds for propaganda; no weapon they can use to win justice from a reluctant administration.

They must endure stark poverty in silence. And they have endured it for a long, long time.

See what their miserable pittance of 10s. a week will buy:

Three hundredweights of coal. Or half a dozen lettuces and a few loaves. Or the rent of one room with nothing left for food, fuel and clothing!

And that is all.

So many old folk have to swallow their pride and face the inquisition of the public assistance committee.

Even then, they must subsist on semi-starvation diet and be harassed by worry.

Often they seek my aid. They tell me of weeks spent in midwinter without a fire—though the old need warmth far more than the young.

They tell me of days when their meals consist only of bread and tea so that they can pay the landlord and avoid being thrown into the workhouse.

They tell me of despair and misery.

What can I tell them, Mr. Brown? That you, who are responsible for administering their pensions scheme, are too busy to worry about their desperate struggle for existence?

That you, who are one of the best-dressed Ministers, are heedless of their neatly darned but threadbare clothes?

That you, the guardian of the nation's health, do not realise that health cannot be maintained without the means to buy adequate food?

I refuse to believe it. Nor do I believe that even the tight-fisted gentry of the Treasury would triumph if you brought home to your fellow-Ministers the facts of the pensioners' plight.

Raise your voice. Champion the poor people in your charge. Insist that no longer shall decent citizens be rewarded for a lifetime of toil by extreme hardship and heart-breaking poverty!—JOHN BULL.

Perhaps jaunty Mr. Brown hasn't noticed the gaunt old age pensioner who demands the means to live!

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—American fighting men are to have their pay raised to a minimum of £10 10s. a month—three times as much as our own Tommies get.

Makes you think, eh? It should also make you act.

Even if you can't afford a bumper rise for bachelor lads, you must squeeze the nation's moneybags for the benefit of Servicemen's dependants.

No longer should their patience be rewarded by parsimony.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. G. AMMON, M.P.,
North Camberwell

DEAR SIR,—Who cares if the George Medal is worn after the D.F.C. but before the D.F.M. and A.F.C., since it has been made clear that all these decorations are of equal merit?

Men who win awards for gallantry are not likely to be worried by such quibbles, and I advise you to reserve your questions in Parliament for matters of importance.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir RONALD ADAM,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—One of my readers volunteered at war's outbreak, went to France, and returned via Dunkirk. Then he fell ill and was discharged from the Army, though he begged to be allowed to remain.

After a year, as advised, he applied for another "medical" and was passed A1. But he cannot be re-enlisted, for Regulations ban medically discharged men from further service.

He wants to serve again. So, no doubt, do others in his position.

Will you help them to help their country by getting the Regulation amended?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY HICE,
Director-General of Man-Power

DEAR SIR,—We can afford to waste men even less than money or materials.

But a man who was trained for twenty-two weeks as an instrument maker was sent to a factory where he is now filing burrs off machined wood—a job an inexperienced child could do.

Your assistants should make sure that people trained by the State at heavy cost are being properly used by private employers.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCIL,
Warwickshire

GENTLEMEN,—Your discomfiture will cause regret to none others than yourselves.

It will delight the roadmen in your employ, for they will at last have their wages paid in cash instead of the cheques that caused them needless expense and inconvenience.

You tried to argue that cash payment would be impracticable in your area. I have no doubt that many other county councils—who seem in the main to be more conservative than the House of Lords—will make the same plea.

And I hope they will all meet with the same defeat.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Stirling County Council

DEAR SIRS,—Is your Housing Department staffed by paralysed snails?

I ask because a woman applied for a Council house eleven years ago. She and four other people are still living in two overcrowded rooms.

In the kitchen she has to put a single bed and a folding bed—and one is so near the fire that it has twice caught alight.

There are few conveniences and no privacy. In cases of illness the position is really serious.

Smaller families have been granted Council houses. Why are this woman and her family denied the rights of civilised life?—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
L.C.C. Entertainments Committee

DEAR SIR,—Never was the law shown to be more asinine than by your refusal to allow record or organ music in cinemas before the Sunday show begins.

Doors open at three. The performance begins at three-thirty. During that half-hour the waiting audience must endure a silence more appropriate to undertakers' mutes, for any bar of music would be as illegal as wife-murder or burglary!

I'm sorry you feel it necessary to perpetuate this unmitigated nonsense. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT MORGAN, M.P.,
Conservative Member for Stourbridge

DEAR SIR,—A big firm and six of its directors were fined £207,201. You want to know whether trust and insurance companies have arranged to meet the bill so that the firm will go scot-free.

The general public wants to know, too.

Some traders, heavily fined for war offences, have been forced into bankruptcy. No one sheds tears on their account.

But there will be cries of rage throughout the land if other and bigger men are allowed to get away with the swag because they have the backing of the City.

Your question should remind the Government to make sure that even the power of the City pulls with and not against the country's war policy.—JOHN BULL.

A Counter to Easy Money

ABNORMAL taxation has hit us all. Incomes which meant comfortable livings before the war have shrunk so much that the margin of luxury expenditure has almost vanished.

Economically this is a good thing. It is financial wisdom directed to curtailing needless production of goods and needless use of labour.

Morally, it *should* be a good thing. It *should* arouse in us a more wholesome respect for money; it *should* make for saner spending; and it *should* ensure that every penny is spent to its full advantage.

ARGUE IT OUT

By Pallas

But I doubt whether this new financial morality—if I may be pardoned the use of a term at once vague and paradoxical—is working out in the right way.

The other day I was talking to a well-known racehorse trainer. To my surprise, he told me that betting on the turf in this country is heavier to-day than it has ever been.

★ ★ ★

He instanced the case of an owner who won £9,000 recently on a single bet. And a man with a head for figures promptly declared that to have that sum as net annual income a man to-day would have to earn in a year nearly £100,000. (These figures may be wrong; I am merely quoting them.)

The lesson seems to be that as incomes dwindle avarice grows. The urge to make easy money, *tax-free money*, is more pronounced to-day than ever it was.

Greed has more to do with the world's troubles in general and with individual troubles in particular than any other craving.

It can sway a man's scruples, turn an honest man into a rogue, a gentle man into a monster, a harmless man into a murderer. It can destroy happiness, wreck homes, drive from man and woman all the finer things which alone make life worth while.

And, more than ever to-day, it can have serious results on the life of a nation.

There is something rotten in reckless gambling these days. People the world over are giving up their lives in the confident belief that they are dying for a great and noble cause.

★ ★ ★

Other people are using every bit of grey matter they have to make easy money. You'll find them at the "dogs," on the Stock Exchange, at the races, at the end of telephones putting over shady business deals, pitting their wits against the authorities in "black market" speculations.

It's clever, that's what they think. A thousand pounds on the side that never goes through a banking account or is not returned for tax purposes is sweet sugar to the gentry whose lives are governed by greed.

Don't blame the Turf for the increase in betting. The Turf is an essential part of Britain; the horses we breed are the best in the world; and "going to the races" has been for centuries a gay, harmless pleasure.

There is a remedy to this evil—and it's one I recommend to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Bookmakers' returns should be examined by revenue experts, and all wins over, say, £5, taxed at source. And when I say taxed, I mean taxed; something like 19s. in the £.

How's that for a counter to greed and easy money?

★ Here is A PLAIN MAN'S GUIDE TO A SECOND FRONT, which tells you something of the gigantic preparation involved in the bare organisation alone. Naturally, the eagerly discussed question of WHEN must remain a close secret.

Our Invasion will be Tough

By JOHN CASHEL

WHEN British and Allied forces invade the Continent, a hundred thousand tons of shipping will be needed to ferry across a single division—or a million tons for a ten-division army! I can reveal that it required tonnage at that rate to get the B.E.F. over.

The Second-Front-in-Europe will take much the same. While Commandos and their like will travel light, armoured forces will even matters out by being of greater weight than anything the B.E.F. ever imagined.

"*When?*" is now the only question about shipping an army from British to Continental soil.

The ordinary straight-minded folk of Britain, the Empire, America and other Allied countries want this Second Front. Mr. Churchill and Premier Stalin want it. Sir Stafford Cripps has promised it. President Roosevelt has sent troops over, intended, no doubt, to take part in it.

They're all only waiting to say "*When?*"

Why waiting?

Here is the answer in a Plain Man's Guide to the Second Front that may help him understand the job his leaders and fighting comrades are taking on.

To begin with, that army of ten divisions, needing a million tons of shipping to get them across the water, won't, once over, expect waiting for them—as the B.E.F. did—three hundred trains to move them forward if their motor transport travels by road, or five hundred and forty trains if it goes by rail.

They will find no arms or munitions except what they capture.

Nor much food on Hun-plundered soil. So some of the ships they leave behind must take them five thousand tons of supplies every day, or half a ton per man per month.

American troops, training in realistic conditions in Northern Ireland, are as anxious as our own soldiers to come to grips with the Nazis

Continuous Umbrella

The million tons of shipping will be in luck's way if it heads across the twenty-one-mile Straits of Dover, because it can make more crossings in the same time than if it takes on the four hundred miles to Norway, and the R.A.F. will be able to put over it the biggest and most continuous umbrella.

Armoured divisions will be the ships' chief problem, as these will weigh the most. For every hundred tanks they ferry over to engage the enemy, at least twice as many must go over in reserve.

This Second Front Army do not expect the Germans to place a port of embarkation at their disposal. So at least one must be grabbed and held as a bridgehead if this army is to land.

You can quickly dump Commandos and other light travellers at one of many lonely and isolated spots from Narvik to Bordeaux, or even embark a regiment or two of tanks from shallow landing craft.

But an army cannot follow them up unless they seize control of a port, and embarkation of heavy stuff will still be difficult if the enemy has time to put quays and cranes out of order.

Surprise alone can save them. That, and friendly natives aching to get one back at their oppressors.

This item on the credit side was proved at St. Nazaire, when shanghaied Commandos not only fought for three days the best the Germans could put against them, but found the unconquered, hard-hating, fearless French with them all the way.

This was the most useful of many Commando lessons that have been part of the Invasion preliminaries.

Protection for Navy

Another credit point is that the Navy has a better chance than at Dunkirk of looking after the ships, as the R.A.F. is now amply equipped to look after the Navy. Without air protection the ships can't get this Army through, nor the Navy safely escort them and clear their mined passage.

In these home waters Britain is ready, now, with this first essential.

All the evidence of the R.A.F. sweeps over the Continent is that we have substantial air superiority, so long as the Germans are strongly held in Russia, whether they achieve initial victories there or not. Every week this air superiority comes nearer complete mastery, with our own and American production mounting.

These sweeps have gone on for eighteen months, and people wonder what many of them are for, especially when fighters are not protecting bombers.

Defences Revealed

One reason is that every mile of occupied ground over which our 'planes pass has been photographed.

The minute detective work on the R.A.F.'s Continental maps would open your eyes.

All of this is ready for when the hour of the Second Front strikes—plus information elsewhere from friendly occupied countries which adds up to complete the picture.

You can wager that so far as the first essential is concerned the R.A.F. are ready for a Second Front to-morrow . . . even though they may have to hold an eighteen-hours-a-day umbrella over it.

Against that major credit point, set some heavy debit ones.

Landing an army from the sea on defended soil is the most difficult operation in war. For a thousand miles along and for miles inland the Continental coast is manned and mined and gunned against the opening of this Second Front.

Except by force of capture, we have none of France's, Belgium's, Holland's and Norway's Continental-based shipping, land transport, armies, air forces and other aids at our disposal as we had last time. Friendly natives, a great asset, don't cancel that out.

We have lost much of their shipping that reached us. Our own has been depleted by nearly three years of war, and, with the Italians and Japs in the war, has far more commitments than in B.E.F. landing days.

But Russia and the United States are with us, and if India, Libya and Russia have priority on supplies we have accumulated vast quantities in the West, with their proportionate value increased by Hitler's losses in the East.

Now, with air superiority at home and over a deep stretch of Continent, we have a powerful airborne force among an Army estimated at three to four millions, and including large numbers trained on the Commando model.

Paratroops and glider troops were non-existent in the Dunkirk days, and America is with us with many more. They make easier the surprise of landings, seizure of ports, aerodromes and strong points.

Vast Superiority

The R.A.F. now has a vast superiority of heavy bombers in the West. They can be put to other uses than dropping bombs.

They can drop light tanks and light artillery, since the Russians did this with their heavy aircraft in Bessarabia nearly two years ago.

They can deliver supplies to isolated units.

But don't imagine they can supply an *army*. You can work that out for yourself by a little simple arithmetic.

The huge Stirling carries a bomb-load up to eight tons. Bombs are heavy in small bulk. Were they lighter and bulkier supplies, four tons would be a good load.

With a single division needing five hundred tons a day, 125 heavy bombers—and more, counting losses—would have to be at its disposal to maintain it by air. Ten divisions, and you would want 1,250 air giants in daily attendance!

One or two other credits you can reckon against the B.E.F. days, when Britain's leaders had but a few hours to plan the evacuation.

They have now had two years to devise the Return Journey.

It is not likely that the Germans have built all the invasion barges and other landing craft.

Powerful Spearhead

We now have a well-developed Combined Operations organisation—the inevitable king-pin in executing the first stages of the greatest sea, land and air invasion ever planned in history.

We have a powerful spearhead of troops trained to travel light, and toughened to fight hard not only by day but by night with all its dark aid to surprise tactics.

On a Continent stripped to the bone of food by the plunderer, they will live for five days on iron rations.

Five days are long enough to win a bridgehead . . . and then come to a full-stop!

Unless one million tons of shipping get, say, those ten divisions across and go on maintaining them—with anything from twenty-one to four hundred miles of sea at their backs if anything goes wrong!

This balance-sheet may help the plain man and woman to understand why the United Nations are still waiting to say "*When?*" to this Second Front in Europe.

It will be appreciated by our Russian allies, who, with five miles of sea behind them, were unable to hold their precarious bridgehead on the Kerch peninsula.

And by those American friends who still wonder why we have so many eager fighting men (and too few gallant ships) in our home country.

WHEN YOU WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT

A READER writes:—"I beg to tender my sincere thanks for information received, which enabled me to make a success of the job in hand. Wishing JOHN BULL more success than ever."

Every week we receive a large number of letters like this.

If YOU require advice on any matter, drop us a line. There is a fully qualified staff to deal with your problems.

But please do not send us medical inquiries, ask us to calculate bets, or to obtain a man's discharge from H.M. Forces.

Do not exaggerate the facts when writing about your problems. State your story clearly, and always give names, dates and places. It is our pleasure to be helpful, and the service offered is absolutely free.

Write to the Correspondence Editor, JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A stamped addressed envelope is all you need send with your inquiry.

JUNE 6, 1942

BATTLE BEHIND THE BATTLE

The omens of the war are not confined to the battle front. What is going on "off-stage" is at least as important as what is taking place on it

Says A. G. GARDINER

FIRST, let us glance at the Axis camp. It is not easy to estimate the conditions there for reasons which are obvious.

Hitler has no Parliament to call him to book and expose the skeletons in his cupboard to the world.

He controls all the Press of the Continent. He controls every radio of the Continent. He can suppress every truth he wants to suppress and give currency to every lie that he wants to be believed.

This is an immense advantage—in the short view. In the long view it is an immense danger.

But in spite of this secrecy, certain things cannot be concealed. I will deal only with the known facts. The dismissal of Darré, the Nazi Agricultural Minister, is eloquent of food conditions on the home front.

It confirms all that has leaked out about the catastrophic effect of the winter upon the German potato crop.

Goering's amazing speech made the same admission. So does the appeal of Reichsfuehrer Behrens, boss of the German "peasant front." "Every potato must be counted," he says.

And he warns the peasants that they must give up all they do not urgently need. The plunder of Europe is exhausted, and the mighty army in Russia must be fed no matter who starves.

Then as to temper of the people. Every neutral who comes out of Germany bears witness to the pall of weariness, the lack of enthusiasm for the war, the sense of helpless fatalism that are everywhere apparent.

And the executions for treason at Mannheim—revealed to the world, but not yet revealed to Germany—throw a sinister light on the Gestapo terrorism within the Reich.

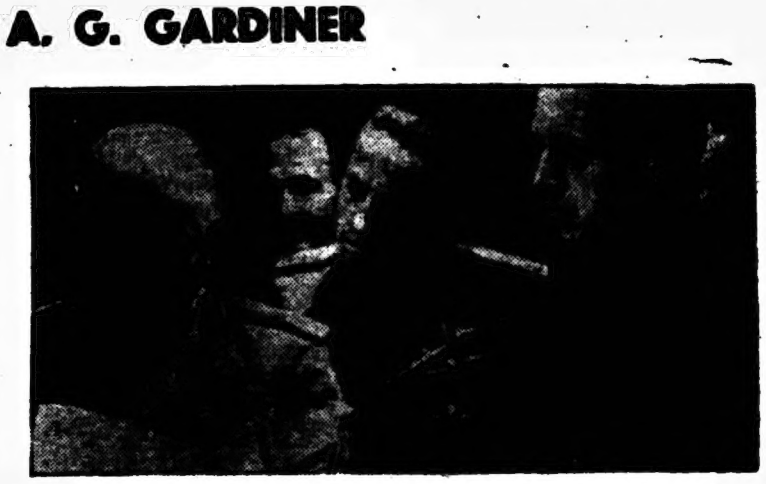
★ ★ ★

It is true that Hitler is master of Europe. But he is also its prisoner. He is enveloped by nations that he holds down by force—nations, outraged and impoverished, that are seething with revolt and await with growing confidence the hour when they can rise and crush him.

FROM STAVANGER TO ST. NAZAIRE, FROM WARSAW TO PRAGUE AND ATHENS, HE IS BESET BY MILLIONS OF FOES WHOSE ONE PURPOSE IN LIFE IS HIS DESTRUCTION.

And who are his allies? In war, unity of aim is as important as unity of strategy. But what unity of aim is there between Horthy and Antonescu?

They are both sending their cannon fodder to feed Hitler's war machine, but Rumania has only one enemy. It is Hungary.



Can you see any harmony here, as Mussolini reads a document handed to him by contemptuous Ribbentrop?

And Hungary has only one enemy. It is Rumania. Only Hitler's whip prevents them from flying at each other's throat.

★ ★ ★

Still more fantastic is the relationship of France and Italy, both of whom count as his allies or collaborators. Hitler first employed his jackal Mussolini to stab France in the back under the promise to throw great goblets of the French empire to him.

Then having squeezed the Italian lemon, he sacrificed Mussolini in order to buy the full support of Vichy in the teeth of the opposition of the French people.

BUT THE DEAL HAS GONE WRONG. ALTHOUGH, AFTER TWO YEARS OF MANŒUVRING, HE HAS GOT THE PRINCE OF ALL THE QUISLINGS, LAVAL, IN NOMINAL POWER IN FRANCE, HE IS STILL DEFEATED.

Laval has failed to deliver the goods. He has not dared to hand over the French fleet. He has not kept us out of Madagascar. He has lost control over the French West Indies.

And all his knavery has failed to keep the United States on terms with Vichy.

On his side, Hitler has refused to return the million and more Frenchmen that he holds as slaves in Germany. He will not part with them because he needs their labour.

The result is that Laval is on his last legs. Hitler has found him useless, and he is more loathed than ever by the French people. His days are numbered.

Once more Hitler turns to his jackal and whoops him on to threaten war on France. The jackal is only too glad to be able to show his teeth again—even though the teeth are German teeth.

So the cry of "Nice-Corsica-Tunis" is raised once more, armies are mobilised on the French frontier, and Italy's puppet king is trotted off to rattle his wooden sword in sight of France.

If Hitler cannot have the French navy he will use Italy to give him Tunis.

Was there ever such an unholy farce played on the stage of the world before? But the point is that it shows the innate rottenness of the structure on which Hitler is temporarily poised.

★ ★ ★

Turn from the picture of this thieves' kitchen to the "off stage" of the United Nations. We need not pretend that it is a Cave of Harmony in which no discord is heard.

War is a discordant business, and where there are many points of view there are many disagreements.

But this is no murder gang plotting the destruction of civilisation and double-crossing each other in the process.

In the first place, it has behind it the moral conscience and the aspirations of mankind the whole world over. And this is no mean asset in war.

IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT TOGETHER FOR NO PREDATORY PURPOSE. ITS SOLE AIM IS TO SAVE CIVILISATION FROM UTTER SHIPWRECK.

IT WANTS NO TERRITORY, NO PLUNDER, NO POWER OVER THE LIVES AND DESTINIES OF OTHERS, NO LIBERTIES THAT ALL HUMANITY MAY NOT SHARE IN COMMON.

And from this community of purpose comes a solidarity of action that will deepen and strengthen as the days go by, and as the start which treachery gave to the gangsters is overhauled.

Hitler's empire is built on the shifting sands. It came like wind and it will go like water.

Our cause is built on the rock of eternal things.

There is but one danger we have to fear. It is the danger, inherent in democracy, of internal disruption.

I have remarked in the past on the strange accident—if that is the right word—that, in this supreme crisis of the world, has committed our fate to men so superlatively fitted for the task as C... Roosevelt in America, C... China, Stalin in Russia.

In war nations must ...

Is there one of the... wish to see displaced? ... sure the great public thi...

Yet there are signs ... of men inside and outs... desire to upset Mr. Chu... John Wardlaw Milne ca... puppets."

Without denying tha... the rest of us, is fallible... tions to ask in regard to ...

(1) *What would be ... news that Hitler could ... country? Would it not ... Churchill?*

(2) *What would be t... the cause of the United ... the world? Would it no... Churchill?*

(3) *Who is the savi... Wardlaw Milne, Mr. Sh... propose to substitute for ... "his puppets")?*

★ ★

The nation's confide... is unshaken. It remem... warned an unheeding w... that his high courage sa... hour.

It believes that he ... this nation as no one els...

It will criticise him f... as none dare criticise ... the good democrat he is ... and take heed.

But it will not "swap ... ing this torrent. And it ... ing impatience the atte... critics to undermine his ... the nation in this fateful ...

And What Uneasy Satellites M...

DESPITE Hitler's favourite delusion, there can be no doubt that the Kaiser's armies in the last war were defeated in battle on the Western Front.

Most people, though, forget one important thing which helped to precipitate the end—the collapse of Germany's satellites.

History does not necessarily repeat itself, but it is worth remembering at this critical stage of Hitler's desperate struggle.

Last time the news of Ludendorff's repulse on the Marne, the utter failure of the Austro-Hungarian supreme offensive on the Piave—soon followed by the news of Foch's crushing counter-blows in the West—had a decisive psychological effect on Germany's satellites.

★ ★ ★

Early in the autumn of 1918 the leading statesmen and generals of the Entente regarded another war winter as inevitable. It was confidently believed that a Western front could be held for at least another six or eight months.

Then suddenly came the news that Bulgaria was seeking a separate armistice. It struck the Kaiser and his generals like a thunderbolt.

They realised ... political implic... than the Allies, ... their own weakn...

Ludendorff wa... and wanted a ... be formed in B... eight hours with... an armistice imm...

★

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BATTLE

fitted for the task as Churchill in Britain, Roosevelt in America, Chiang Kai-shek in China, Stalin in Russia.

In war nations must trust some one man.

Is there one of these whom we should wish to see displaced? I think not. I am sure the great public thinks not.

Yet there are signs among a little group of men inside and outside Parliament of a desire to upset Mr. Churchill, and what Sir John Wardlaw Milne calls "Mr. Churchill's puppets."

Without denying that Mr. Churchill, like the rest of us, is fallible, I have three questions to ask in regard to this movement:—

(1) *What would be the most welcome news that Hitler could receive from this country? Would it not be the fall of Mr. Churchill?*

(2) *What would be the greatest shock to the cause of the United Nations throughout the world? Would it not be the fall of Mr. Churchill?*

(3) *Who is the saviour whom Sir John Wardlaw Milne, Mr. Shinwell and the rest propose to substitute for Mr. Churchill (and "his puppets")?*

★ ★ ★

The nation's confidence in Mr. Churchill is unshaken. It remembers that he alone warned an unheeding world of its peril and that his high courage saved us in the darkest hour.

It believes that he embodies the will of this nation as no one else does.

It will criticise him frankly and helpfully, as none dare criticise Hitler. And, being the good democrat he is, he will understand and take heed.

But it will not "swap horses" while crossing this torrent. And it watches with gathering impatience the attempts of a handful of critics to undermine his authority and disrupt the nation in this fateful time.

Satellites May Do

...the strategic and ...ions even better ...because they knew ...

...seized with panic ...w government to ...Berlin within forty- ...a view to seeking ...mediately.

★ ★

...the front in the ...ntains meant the ...Turkey from the ...Empires; it meant ...er of German and ...in Rumania, in ...in the Caucasus ...remely precarious

...the road to the ...ry was suddenly ...Allied army of ...Marshal Franchet ...t that the brood- ...mong the various ...formed the arti- ...the Habsburgs ...within a few weeks. ...meant that the ...ould realise that ...and would soon ...ny longer for a hopeless cause and a bankrupt regime.

It all happened as the war-lords at German headquarters had fearfully anticipated when they received the news of Bulgaria's "ratting": six weeks later the German military colossus had collapsed. . . .

Of course, it does not follow that *this* war will end in the same way, but memory of this lesson is irresistible at this moment.

If the Allies, by military blows and diplomatic moves, could force the breaking away of one of Hitler's satellites, the strategic and political repercussions might be tremendous.

★ ★ ★

It need not necessarily be Hitler's most powerful ally. Naturally, if the first Axis partner to break away were Italy, the consequences for Germany and her other satellites would be overwhelming, and probably immediate, but even a smaller partner, to begin with, would do.

Who could it be this time? Much depends, of course, on the developments on the Russian front which the peoples in Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, and particularly *Finland* watch with feverish interest. V. S.

YOU would think that the Nazi gangsters who came to power in Germany together with Hitler nine years ago had perfected the technique of government by terror, blackmail, threats and intimidation beyond improvement.

Hitler himself does not think so!

He has chosen a new set of men to help him avert Germany's impending disaster.

In his desperation he discards the pretence that a man in a big job in Germany ought to understand his business.

All Hitler expects from his new thugs is that they can crack a whip better than their predecessors; that they are unrivalled masters of all the paraphernalia of Nazi terror.

Just look at Saukel, the typical Nazi-butcher, who is Hitler's new Minister of Labour. This Nazi bigwig has spent the last few years in obscurity, though he stands high in the ranks of Hitler's hierarchy.

His friends are sure that he is the man to drive tired workers to the benches, however hungry and depressed they may be. They praise him as a rough "simple soul"—by which they mean that he had no education.

A high officer of the Black Guards, the S.S. terror organisation, Saukel believes that there is no problem which cannot be solved by force.

When German workers are now sent to prison or handed over to the hangman if they will not or cannot work fourteen or sixteen hours per day, you can recognise Saukel's method.

Saukel, typical Nazi butcher, a high officer of the S.S. terror organisation, believes there is no problem which cannot be solved by force

Hitler Sends for His Terrorists

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

He Made Dachau

And if the workers should be able to snatch a short spell of private life after work or on Sundays they must not be allowed to get out of hand.

To deal with them, now that Heydrich's body has stopped the bullets of Czech patriots, an even tougher gang of men has been called in.

Back from the war in Russia, where a guerilla bomb nearly blew him to pieces, is Eicke, a man whose very name makes Germans shudder.

Of course he wears the badge and uniform which alone count in Germany to-day—that of an S.S. general. But he is no ordinary S.S. officer.

Eicke is the man who invented and perfected the system of German concentration camps. You have heard of Dachau, the hell of anti-Nazis, the concentration camp in the neighbourhood of Munich, where Socialists, Trade Unionists, Jews and Catholics were tortured to death; where men were left hanging on their arms for hours; where seventeen-year-old guards took pot-shots at their victims "for fun."

Eicke was in command of this camp until, promoted to the position of General-Inspector of all German concentration camps, he introduced the system all over Germany.

Filling with Nazis

To-day the German concentration camps are filling with Nazis. The men whom Saukel regards as unsatisfactory workers are being handed over to Eicke for "a period of re-education in true Nazi spirit."

Thousands have been sent to the camps already. Many more thousands will be sent there now that Saukel and Eicke control German policy.

But this time the terror is not only directed against the workers. German industrialists themselves, old reactionairies who have helped Hitler into power, are now not safe from him.

Their new boss is Speer, Hitler's thirty-seven-year-old private architect, who proudly proclaimed that he is responsible for Hitler's recent speech in which he destroyed the last foundations of civilised justice in Germany.

"Heads will roll!" is Speer's slogan. He does not know any other way of dealing with human problems. Although he has taken over a good organisation from Todt, his predecessor as Nazi Minister of Armaments and Munitions, the human element fails him.

German industrialists are accustomed to live in an atmosphere of bribery and corruption.

Now the Nazis cannot afford any longer to survive and profit at the same time.

Death Sentence

To stop them doing what they have done for years, Speer has introduced the death sentence as penalty for Hitler's dearest friends.

But the German army also wants a word in these matters!

So up steps General Fromm, whose name you have probably never heard before, to join Speer, Saukel and Eicke.

Fromm knows prison from inside.

At times when there was a better Germany he was locked up for his arms deals, for his organisation of terror bands, and reactionary vengeance murderers.

He is just the man whom Hitler would call in in the emergency.

Fromm, nominally commander of the German Reserve Army, has to find more cannon-fodder for the war in Russia and for the campaigns that threaten Hitler on other fronts.

That is why we now hear reports of convalescent soldiers from last year's Russian campaign being sent into action again.

That is why men of fifty and boys of seventeen are sent to the front to die.

That is why children of ten must replace them at work on the home front.

Fromm—ironically the name means "pious"—can be relied upon to wrest the last ounce of strength from the exhausted German people.

His military colleague, General Thomas, is another new acquisition at this critical moment in Germany's history.

Thomas, as chief of the German Office of Military Economics, has built up a reputation for himself as the world's greatest looter.

One must admit he is an expert at the game.

He devised the plans by which occupied countries were stripped bare of stores, of food and industrial equipment. He has sustained the German war effort ever since 1939—by robbery.

Now that the German advance has been brought to a halt, now that the prospects of new German conquests are very slim indeed, Thomas gets a new job.

He works on the German home front now, and he will not hesitate to use his skill in looting the German people.

He will not accept "No" for an answer to any request. An execution squad is always at his heels. He is quite frank about it.

His method is terror, and he will not change it now that he is dealing with Germans.

Hitler v. Germany

This, indeed, is the cue to the whole position.

Hitler, as the Russians said, has started his offensive against the German people. He treats them as he formerly treated his enemies. Fear and Terror are his weapons against them.

I venture to predict that this is only the beginning. The terror of the past will be dwarfed by the shape of Nazi things to come.

The day may not be far off when we may see Poles pitying Hitler's Germans.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

BOMB COMPENSATION MUST BE REVISED!

WAR damage compensation scheme for furniture and personal effects lost or damaged during air raids is in need of drastic revision.

Originally, the Board of Trade based its awards on the 1939 prices.

Settlement of agreed claims, as a general rule, will not be made until after the war, though Public Assistance Committees are empowered to make advance payments, up to certain amounts, to sufferers who can prove they are in a position of "real hardship."

Useless Payments

The chief cause for complaint about the Board's earlier methods of assessment arose from the fact that many of the agreed "settlements" were out of all proportion to the rising cost of household goods.

Now the Board is working on new lines. It has introduced a fresh policy which, ironically enough, was only put into action after unscrupulous furniture dealers had been permitted to juggle with furniture prices until they reached the preposterous heights at which they stand to-day.

Inquiries show that the new scheme leaves much to be desired. Unless it is amended it will cause considerable unfairness to claimants, and much greater criticism of the Board than before.

It is proposed to assess *future* claims on the current cost of furniture in a way which compels people with almost identical claims to receive totally different amounts.

The position is so muddled, indeed, that even Board of Trade officials are in a quandary.

Take two families with pre-war homes, similar in size and value. The first was bombed out in the bad raids of 1940, and lost everything of value. A claim for total loss was finally "agreed" by the Board's assessors at £250—on the basis of the 1939 arrangement.

The second family was bombed out only three months ago and, though everything was likewise lost, suffered no worse financially than the other. Yet, under the Board's new method of assessment, the "agreed" after-the-war award is nearer £500.

Could anything be more unfair?

Naturally, thousands of earlier claimants who suffered in the raids of 1940 and 1941, and whose claims are being dealt with on the old scale, expect their cases to be reviewed.

Can't Afford to Wait

Among them are men and women of the humblest means, who cannot afford to wait until after the war for settlement, and who are endeavouring still to get some *real* assistance from the State to enable them to get a new home together.

Many deserve much better treatment than has so far been given by way of "emergency advances." In numerous cases the monetary help wrung from local authorities, after humiliating questions and delays, enabled applicants to buy only a fraction of bare necessities.

One Hull woman, for example, after considerable difficulty secured an advance of £45, out of which she had to pay £18 for a bedstead. Another, badly needing kitchen furniture, paid £14 for a few shoddy articles which in pre-war days would not have cost more than £3 or £4 at the outside.

A trade expert assures me that a modest working-class home, obtainable before the war for £52 10s., to-day costs £159 10s.

The Board of Trade must adopt at least three different measures in order to put this problem on a sound footing:

1.—All claims, past, present and future, must be dealt with on the basis of what it will cost to replace destroyed homes.

2.—Some better and more equitable methods must be devised for making appropriate advances to people needing immediate help.

3.—Furniture prices must be more specifically controlled.

Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, should be tackled at once about the unfair scale of payments

DON'T LET THESE SHARKS BITE YOU

THOSE who are lonely are asked to write to the Secretary, A.B.C., 62, Belleville Road, London, S.W.11.

We are intrigued by this new organisation, which, like so many others, is out to snatch fees from lonely people in search of friends.

It is curious that the address of A.B.C. is also the address of Spikesman, that prince of fee-snatchers who was recently trying to catch dupes for his Postal Publicity Plan.

This was linked up with the envelope addressing offer, Spikesman promising to pay 5s. a hundred.

* * *

Thieves, gaining entry to houses by various ruses, are very active again.

Some come from "the Food Ministry" to inspect your larder and any possible hiding-places for food hoards; others say they are from the G.P.O. to test your telephone line for special reasons.

Some pretend to be from local agricultural bodies to see if you are growing food in the garden; others pose as "inspectors" to test fire-fighting arrangements.

All have one mission—to steal anything of value when opportunity occurs.

Ask, ALWAYS, for their warrant card before letting them in. If they can't produce one communicate with the police.

* * *

Also beware of the "brewery at home" experts. Many of them are offering recipes for the manufacture of anything from ale to a wine that is as powerful as a "knock-out" drop.

Some of these "Home Brewery" experts offer the ingredients from which to make beer at fantastic prices.

Don't be misled by these promises of gallons of strong drink for few pence.

If these "experts" know how to make a good beer for next to nothing they would not be offering such a marvellous secret in exchange for a small fee.

Filth is Openly Flaunted

ALTHOUGH some publishers and authors have recently been prosecuted, obscene books and literature are still being sold, quite openly, all over the country.

Chief offenders are the book shops in London and the Provinces which, in peace time, offered a huge variety of doubtful American magazines and "spicy" novels, yet just managed to keep within the law.

* * *

Special copies of the more daring works were generally kept out of sight, but could always be obtained by those people "in the know."

To-day, however, caution seems to have been thrown to the winds. Frankly obscene books, without even a vestige of literary value, are stacked up for sale.

Pseudo scientific magazines which purport to deal with sex matters from a sane standpoint, are greatly in evidence.

At one time the high price of these lewd books formed an effective bar to their purchase by young people, but at the present time, with wages at a much higher level, the youth of this country have more money to spend, and can pay any high price demanded.

As great a menace to the moral life of the community are the vast quantities of "art" and "nature study" photographs which have flooded the market in recent months.

Copies of an exceptionally obscene book which has long been banned by the censor, can be obtained quite easily in some places.

A representative of mine was offered a copy of this work. It bore no publisher's imprint, and was evidently fresh from the press.

* * *

Reprints of certain notorious works seem to be exceptionally plentiful, and it is quite obvious that a proportion of these are being supplied by the Black Market through underground channels.

Apart from the publishers of these books breaking the law by issuing literature which does not bear their name and address, the flood of literature of this type is a direct blow at the country's war effort.

Paper used for the printing of this rubbish is an utter waste of valuable war material.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Miss Lena Hammond, Kenninghall Road, Edmonton, London, N.18, has been awarded this week's Public Benefactor £1 1s. for information.

Letters are invited about any matter of public interest. Please mark envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

Out of the Nazi Jaw to Freedom

FIFTEEN more Norwegians have been shot for trying to escape to Britain.

Olav, a pioneer of the escape movement, was luckier.

He had been ten days in a prison camp when he decided to make it possible for others to get away.

He knew every detail of the guards' routine. And he trusted to a Norwegian official, secretly loyal to Norway, to cover his absence for two days.

Working near the wide, rapid river that almost encircled the camp, he waited all day for his chance.

When the guard moved on, he slid down the bank and slipped into the fierce current.

Two days later he returned by the same route.

He had found a route of escape—and no one had missed him!

Then, paradoxically, he and several of his friends were released.

Secret Newspaper

Olav determined to help spread the news broadcast by the B.B.C. and picked up by a few sets hidden in the forests.

To start his secret newspaper, he chose a farmhouse on the edge of the mountains.

The paper was spread far and wide by ski-ing parties. One copy passed by turn to more than a hundred people.

Sometimes an alarm was raised. Printing stopped in a moment. The machine was loaded on to a sledge, the finished copies bundled and packed, and all moved rapidly to a hide-out in the mountains.

But eventually the pace became too hot, the suspicious Nazis too inquisitive.

Olav left. The Germans followed him.

He travelled for weeks. Always the Germans were at his heels.

He had to take another big decision—to leave the country.

He went by skis, travelling like the wind towards the Swedish frontier.

Safely across the border, it seemed suicidal to return.

But he had promised to get certain information for the Norwegian patriots, and so he repeated his prison camp feat by crossing back to Norway after fifteen days.

Disguised as a poor workman, he made boldly for Oslo.

Chance Walks By

There, slouching through the streets, he grinned inwardly as he passed Nazi troops as keen as mustard to get promotion but letting the chance walk by them.

He went on to a house in the hills. Eating his first meal for thirty-six hours, he learned how the Germans had anticipated his movements.

For three days they had watched the house. Then, a few hours before he arrived, they had abandoned their vigil.

Two hours later, he set out on skis for the west coast, to wait for some weeks in a tiny hamlet on the edge of a fiord.

There, Olav and three other men went aboard a small craft, conveniently "borrowed," to steer by the stars and a pocket compass.

They dodged a patrol boat in the darkness, endured machine-gunning from the air by day, feigned death when a bomb blew the bows away, and after sixty-two hours caught their first glimpse of the Scottish coastline.

To-day Olav is working with the Norwegian Government in Britain.

VINCENT BROME.

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

I looked at this man and saw that he was serious . . . I had seen before, in the eyes of men who subsequently killed themselves, the same brooding look of hopeless desperation

The Evil Destiny of Dr. Polacek

ON a Transatlantic liner in 1937 I met a Polish doctor who was going to New York. I believe he is still there, for he had been given a contract by some great scientific organisation. So I will call him Polacek, which is not unlike his real name.

He was a gay little man of middle age; vivacious, jocular, and remarkably agile. He spoke eleven languages with a certain fluency, and was a man of many accomplishments. I hope that we may meet again after the war.

We talked a great deal together, and it was Doctor Polacek, as a matter of fact, who told me the unspeakably horrible story of Joseph Galignani, which I hope to tell you later on.

One night I happened to mention the name of Carnegie, and I referred to him as a benefactor of humanity through the medium of his libraries.

Doctor Polacek, in his light, laughing way, said:

"There are always two sides to every question. There is always a number of facets to any human action. I am not denying that Carnegie was a good man, and I am not denying that he has conferred benefits on man in general. But I find myself thinking, to-night, of the curious influences, good and evil, that seem to follow all human actions.

"It is somehow impossible to do something that turns out to be completely good. Nothing is entirely free from certain evil consequences. So one cannot speak of anything as having been perfectly beneficial to mankind: one can only say that something has been good, in general . . . or perhaps that the principle behind a thing was good.

"Many a skilful doctor has wrestled with Death, as Hercules did, only to save somebody for unspeakable misery.

"The longer I live, the more completely I realise how we are in the hands of an inscrutable providence, my friend. It is impossible for us to foresee the consequences of anything that we do. So we have to obey our consciences and leave the rest in the hands of God.

"I pass as a good man. Yet if I were to be judged according to the consequences of my actions, hanging would be too good for me. Let me tell you an example. . . ."

And this is the story Doctor Polacek told me:

* * *

THE name of the town must for the moment remain secret, because you might guess the end of this story and I want it to come as a dénouement. It happened in the early 1920's.

Although I had completed my studies and had several degrees in medicine from three different colleges in Europe, I was not yet practising medicine.

I had a small inheritance which I decided to spend on seeing something of life. I don't mean night clubs, gambling hells, and other things which class as "life" to young men who know no better.

I wanted to see what your fine poet Tennyson describes as "Cities of men and manners, climates, governments. . . ."

So I was hanging about the unlikeliest places in Europe, calmly running through my money and learning something about people and picking up languages.

And so I found myself in a certain pleasant city, idling away most of my days in cafés, contemplating the stream of life that came and went perpetually, and feeling in general that things were going on the whole remarkably well with me.

I frequented every quarter of the city in order to see its life from every possible angle.

For example, on Monday I would be drinking champagne in an extremely elegant place in the aristocratic quarter, and on Tuesday I would be swallowing cheap spirits in some flea-bitten haunt in the slums.

IT was in one of the more flea-bitten places that I encountered, one night, the man about whom I am going to tell you.

I was sitting down eating what the French call an *assiette Anglaise*—which is nothing more than a plate of cold meat—and drinking a glass of wine.

He came in, looking shabby, gloomy, and embittered, and sat down at my table and ordered the smallest available cup of coffee, which he stirred for a long time and sipped very slowly, trying to make it last as long as he wanted to stay.

Now, you know how, when you eat a plate of mixed meat, you tend to save the nicest piece to eat right at the end.

On my plate there was—at this stage—a little piece of veal, and a rather nice little round slice of red beef. I had been intending to eat this beef at the end, you understand?

I needed something more to drink, and turned to order wine from a passing waiter. When I returned to my plate, the beef was not there and the man at my table was sitting with a rigid face. Then he swallowed hastily. I said: "I quite agree with you, my friend, it was a very tempting piece of beef."

Then he began a hard luck story, of which I remember only a part, because it was a very uninspired bit of whining, really.

He had an aged mother; also a sick sister; he was an ex-Serviceman; he had no job.

It was the usual thing. He had not eaten anything since yesterday morning, and then only a stale roll. And he had stolen my bit of meat because he needed it so much.

"But I have had enough of it," he said. "There is no point in it all. There's no hope. I've tried to go on, but I can't. There's nothing I can do, except beg. And nobody has anything to give away.

"I'm sorry I took your beef. I won't do it again. To-night I am going to make an end of it."

I looked at this man and saw that he was serious. I have some skill in reading the expressions of a face, and I had seen before, in the eyes of men who subsequently killed themselves, that same brooding look of hopeless desperation.

And I am telling you that I *knew*—as well as I knew that the sun would rise on the following day—I absolutely knew that that man meant to do away with himself after leaving the café.

He seemed to read my thought, for he said, "Yes, I am in earnest. I die to-night."

I bought him a meal, but he ate only half-heartedly, starving though he was, and he barely put his lips to the glass of wine I offered him.

I talked to him. I took out some money, but he let it roll out of his hand and said: "What's the use? I can live on this for three weeks, let us say. Then what? I shall fall back again, and hunger will be all the worse because I shall have got my belly accustomed to eating again.

"There's nothing on earth that can stop me committing suicide when I leave this place."

So I adopted new tactics. I pretended to agree with him. I said: "Well, I believe that every man has a right to die if he doesn't want to live. I'm a doctor. Come back to my flat and let's discuss ways and means of dying."

HE nodded. We went back. His disjointed talk and queer broken gestures demonstrated him as a lunatic. But you know how one always yearns to save people from themselves?

I gave him soup, made him take a hot bath, gave him a suit of my pyjamas and put him to sleep in my bed. I gave him a suit of clothes which I bought ready-made, a change of linen, boots. He stayed with me for a fortnight.

At the end of that time I was ridiculously proud of myself when I saw how confidence had returned to this man. His eye was bright and his step firm. He swore to me that he would never forget my kindness.

But one Saturday evening I returned home to find that he had gone, taking with him a valuable microscope, my winter overcoat, and my best valise full of my best clothes. I did not bother to inform the police—simply called myself a fool and, going to work, forgot the matter.

I recollected it, however, much later, when I saw his face and name in a newspaper.

I ought, at this point, to inform you that the name under the photograph was Adolf Hitler. . . .

Human Machine

SETTLE IT!

A famous American writer said the other day: "The almost universal curse of worry is simply thought slowed down to a stumbling and circuitous walk. To think through, and settle once and for all a problem in the shortest possible time, and to act briskly and daringly on our decision, is to annihilate the problem of worry."

There's more common-sense and sound advice in that one paragraph than in many a book that has been written on the same subject!

It really does reduce everybody's greatest problem to its simplest terms and gives the whole solution of the problem in a sentence.

Thought, like every other good thing, has to be used scientifically.

It would be quite correct to say that worry is only thought wrongly directed and wrongly employed. For exactly the same mental energy that produces worry can produce action if it is employed differently.

A worry is only a problem.

Every problem has a solution.

Our job is to find the solution and to put it into practice.

If, instead, we think round and round the problem without really attempting to find the answer, whose fault is it if the results are "worrying"?

Perhaps the trouble is that we always expect the answer to be a pleasant one?

It can't always be. Better face right up to it. Then we shall act more and dither less.

And "worry" less!

HE'S AIMING AT AN EXTRA CARGO

JOHN BULL readers have flocked to become Street Salvage Stewards, judging by the letters we receive.

They tell us of the methods (and sometimes ruses!) they employ to persuade residents in their streets to save waste—and therefore seamen's lives.

* * *

One gives lessons to shopkeepers and housewives on how to tie string so that it can be untied without waste of a precious inch.

Another has persuaded thirty-three householders to pool their brown paper. When they want to send a parcel they go to the pool and get a piece just the size they want.

A third displays "pep" talks in his front window, such as: *Summer at last! No need for fires, now. And no need to waste an inch of paper. Only misers save for next winter's fires.*

He displays occasional letters received by a local mother from her sailor-son—with the words: *He's cheerful, although he's overworked. Make his job a little easier.*

Yet another held his own Salvage Exhibition in his now car-less garage. A central feature was *What the dustman shouldn't find* and *What the dustman* SHOULD *find.*

And one enthusiast tells us: *I shan't be content till I've saved a shipload of waste. Then I shall claim to have brought a ship across the Atlantic single-handed.*

* * *

A woman Salvage Steward, finding that waste went on unchecked in a neighbouring street, canvassed the thoroughfare until she found an old soldier ready to make himself responsible as Street Salvage Steward.

Then she took him along to the Town Hall to get him signed up.

And, by the way, your local council would welcome *your* application. It can be interesting work.

★ You've read of the utter daring of our Commandos when they raid Nazi strongholds in occupied territory. Here is a picture of what these men are really like

A Commando comes to grips with a Nazi soldier—a scene from the much-discussed film, "Next of Kin"

Meet Commandos Between Raids

By VIVIEN MEIK

TO Hitler, total war means Continent-wide murder, mutilation and unspeakable atrocity—the extermination of whole nations.

One of our answers to the technique is the Commando—the spearhead of the will of the free peoples in their war of survival.

No need here to describe Commando training or courage, their utter disregard of danger and death, or their high fidelity to our cause.

But what manner of human being looks out behind that blackened face? Between battles does he think and feel and live and laugh and love like his less mysterious fellows, or has his soul been toughened like his body, and his mental attitude to total war?

A few hours after returning from his first raid one of them took his mask off for me. He spoke naturally and unaffectedly, with perhaps a vague air of surprise that anyone wanted to know—almost as if he was simply thinking aloud.

"The raid?" he said. "I can't say anything much about it. The papers'll tell you all that can be told. I only saw my own little corner, and that was pretty dark. All I'm concerned with is this ——." He showed me three notches on the handle of his knife.

"Three Jerries," he explained.

"No, it wasn't a matter of revenge—just a war job. My pride is in the knowledge that I was able to do it in a man-size way.

"It began when the sergeant hinted to my squad that we might soon be having our first helping from the sausage-machine. Think of that—what we'd trained and waited months for.

No Folks at Home

"'Done with kiss in the ring,' he said. 'In a few days the fur's going to fly. Don't know when or where, and only heaven knows whether I'll get you soft-headed bunch of dummies ready in time.'

'No rumours or hints to the folks at home, mark you, and no guessing.'

"Well, I've got no folk at home—and no home. They were in a little suburb where Jerry thought it great fun to drop 'em in tons in 1940," and he looked again at his knife.

"But since then I've met Enid. . . .

"For ten days my platoon lived on its toes. We knew we were O.K., or the sergeant's affection would have been expressed differently.

"Then came the issue of special kit, including rubber shoes. Our officer, known as the 'Blonde Baby,' gave us details.

"Why 'Blonde Baby?' He's slim and gentle, couldn't hurt a fly, only Jerries. But you should see him jiu-jitsu any weight on two legs out of the gym; he can plug the pips out of a six-point card at fifteen paces with a revolver in four seconds—and can he throw a knife! I must tell you, however, that we don't allow any but a Commando to refer to him as that—unless he smiles as he says it.

"He soon had us map-perfect, and each man knew exactly what he was to do and where he was to be at every minute of the three-hour job which lay ahead. Also how to keep contact if Jerry's machine-guns started spitting too soon.

"No, I don't know if the squad had nothing else but the job on their minds from that minute. Outwardly, at any rate, it seemed as if we were only going on manœuvres.

"There was the usual scramble for corner seats in the train. Perhaps the scramble was a bit more serious this time. England always looks good, but—no need to talk about that."

His tone then became brisk as he went on. "The thrill of it all began to take a real shape on the train. Old 'Gloomy'—he's our gambler who never expects to win—opened a book on what sort of a boat we'd sail in. Even took an I.O.U. from a couple of chaps and threatened to report them to the 'Blonde Baby' if they tried to plead the Gaming Act.

"All guesses were wrong, anyway, so 'Gloomy' tried again on the boat after we had blacked-out our faces. 'Bet with the old firm, niggers,' he shouted, 'speculate to aggregate.' From that we knew that 'Gloomy' was happy. Which means that the real job was just before us.

"Suddenly everyone was ordered to be quiet. All glimmer of light went out. There was nothing to feel except the tremor of the ship's engines, nothing to hear except an occasional muttered word.

"Then, as if magically, we saw a huge red glow ahead, growing bigger every minute. Our objective. The R.A.F. had seen to it that we had the beacon we needed.

Hell Let Loose

"Soon after that the balloon really went up. Searchlights stabbed the black-out. Shore batteries blazed. Our ships returned the fire. Five of the searchlights went out.

"Then we landed, but you'll see all that part of it in the papers. The last time it said that after many hours' journeying the operation began one minute later than the scheduled time.

"Well, if you want to know, I don't suppose I'll be 'crimed' for saying hell was let loose—firing, stabbing, grenades by the bucketful, using Jerry's own weapons when you ran out of cartridge clips—killing with bare hands. . . .

"I thought I'd have some sort of revulsion at the moment of my first kill. But I didn't. I remembered every detail of the 'Blonde Baby's' training. 'You're after the foulest murderers on God's earth, lads. Don't waste your strength. Leave the writing blokes to talk of the knife buried to the hilt. Take it from me, two inches of blade will do it just as well.' The 'Blonde Baby' has eleven notches on his knife.

"But the revulsion came later. . . .

"The withdrawal, however, is the toughest moment of all. We've got to work back to the rendezvous dead on time, dead on the pre-arranged spot, or you might risk the lives of all the others.

"At the right moment we leapfrog our way back.

"You see, we are under no illusions about Jerry. He's a rat all right, but have you ever seen a cornered rat fighting?

"Not all of us made it. My own pal, 'Scat'—from his singing—was left behind. One of the fellows who gave 'Gloomy' his I.O.U. Several others. 'Gloomy' himself was O.K. This was his third raid. There are seven notches on his knife.

Brought Us Out

"The 'Blonde Baby' brought us out safely. He was the last man to leave. But it seems like a dream now that it's all over. Last night we were swiping Jerry like the wrath of God, and here to-night I am sprawling lazily in your best armchair.

"Later I'll be meeting Enid. I guess we'll go for a quiet walk instead of dancing. To-morrow morning I'm going down to see 'Scat's' mother. She'll—she'll have the telegram by then.

"She'll have no tears, no regrets, just the same kind welcome she's always given me. God! Am I scared to meet her? And proud? . . ."

As I said good-night I noticed that he was still contemplating the edge of his knife.

VOICE of the TROOPS

HERE is a story of a British convoy.

It is a story to remember when you are inclined to grumble at your rations—or wilfully destroy your precious waste because nobody happens to be looking.

No German aeroplanes harassed this convoy. No bombers, either. So it should have been just safe, plane sailing, you might think.

Well, read the story as related by Mr. Neville G. Howells, of the Merchant Navy, in a letter to his wife at King Edward Road, Swansea—then judge for yourself:

There were thirty of us in the convoy, moving through a "seaman's black-out." You people who grumble about a black-out at home should see our variety! You can't see a thing—and you are all moving.

I was on with the third mate, and it was my first look-out, which, I might explain, means that I had to spend an hour with my eyes peeled on the bridge, another hour down below taking things easy, then two hours at the wheel—keeping her nose dead on course to the best of my ability.

Well, my wheelhouse duties had begun when the Third stuck his head inside the wheelhouse and yelled: "Starboard your helm!"

Now that's a large size order in the dark, with ships all round you.

Anyhow, over she went, and my heart seemed to do a somersault as well as the ship.

You can imagine my surprise when the Third yelled: "Hard a-starboard!" I knew, then, that something serious was wrong, and waited on tenterhooks for the next order.

I have been bombed by Jerry, as you know—*and* when carrying T.N.T. But this was different. I was blind in that wheelhouse, and just listening for directions to throw the ship about—and that in a pitch-black sea.

My heart beat like a sledgehammer at the next order: "Hard a-port!" My hands tore at the spokes of the old wheel.

I knew, then, that this was no Jerry we were facing, but the terrible danger of collision with one of our own ships.

I may tell you here what was actually happening—although a man in a wheelhouse would get no chance to know.

The tanker on our port side had loomed out of the night too close for comfort, and the Third had given an

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

MY only son, now fighting the Japs, is handicapped by lack of munitions. Yet, in this very road, I see girls coming home from the local armament factory with the story: "They don't want us to-day. There's nothing to do."—Mrs. Eteson (address withheld, but available to authorities).

★ ★ ★

"Save bottles"—yet at your local pleasure fair you could smash them to your heart's content for sixpence!—C. Morris (junr.), Isca Road, St. Thomas, Exeter.

★ ★ ★

Volunteers called for to give blood at Middlesex factory. Many came forward. Blood taken on spot. Then, on pay-day, there were deductions for lost time!—B. D., Middlesex.

★ ★ ★

My estate (*i.e.*, my building estate, not baronial) is visited by five milkmen, four bakers, three butchers, and other tradesmen *daily*. Three vans daily could supply all our needs.—Fred French, Duston, Northants.

★ ★ ★

Means test official calls on old-age pensioner neighbour and asks: "Any change in means?" Reply: "Yes, rent reduced 3d." Whereupon the dear old soul has not 3d. but 6d. deducted from her money. Proofs if wanted.—O. W. K., Marshall Wallis Road, South Shields, Durham.

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

order to starboard only to find that another ship, an Allied vessel, was heading straight for us—apparently having lost her course altogether.

This proved true. She had lost her position in the daylight and now, in the dark, was trying to find her place again.

People on the bridge saw her as a vague shape, plunging towards us blindly.

And I, with each new order, exerted terrific pressure on the spokes of the wheel while holding her over to port, as if the use of more strength than was necessary would make some great difference.

There was a roar as of waves on a rocky coast as the two ships came closer. I knew what cargo we were carrying. I knew that the crash would be enough to blow both ships sky-high.

I heard shouting. The ships were now close enough for one bridge to shout to the other. I heard our Third: "Put your —— helm over to starboard, you —— fool!"

He dashed to the wheelhouse: "Switch on the navigation lights, quick." I did. And within seconds the inky blackness was broken—half a dozen ships put their lights full on.

Somebody on that ship that was plunging towards us did something miraculous. We had to hit—but it was a slight and grazing bump somewhere aft.

Quick inspection of scrapes and abrasions, and the hubbub died down. The lights were out again. Just inky blackness. I crawled into my bunk to thank God I shall be with you when our baby comes.

A GREAT WEEK

And here is the first prisoner-of-war letter we have received from a Commando. It is to Mrs. Colgrave, Dalston Lane, Hackney, from her son Fred:

This is a great week—new socks received from you, a new battledress and new boots from a British Army at home that doesn't forget us, and then the good old Red Cross weighs in with thirty-five cigarettes, tin of meat, tin of jam and butter, half a pound of cheese, seven packets of sugar, two bars of chocolate, and prunes. EACH—not for among a number.

On top of that we have a boxing "do" —and I go and knock my opponent out in three rounds!

EXIT BATTLE FLEET

You don't always hear of the things that happen at sea. You don't always hear what our wonderful Royal Navy does, in its ceaseless vigil over the oceans of the world.

Here's just an incident described by W. Keeble, c/JX 171824, R.N., who joined the Navy at the age of fifteen in November, 1939, and is writing to his mother:

We came up against an Italian battle fleet when we were escorting an important convoy.

We went in at full speed with a gale raging and waves breaking over the bridge and salt water flying mast-high.

What a sight we looked, with battle ensigns flying and all guns firing in rapid salvoes.

I can't give you all details, but we didn't get a scratch, and the brave Italians in that bigger fleet went rushing back to their base without ever being within miles of the convoy they had come out to sink!

People Who "Get Away With It"

Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without of course, giving your name).

By HUMANIST

IF six men are adrift in an open boat with only a limited quantity of biscuits and water, they naturally ration themselves—so many biscuits and so many spoonfuls of water per day. By such a scheme they can all keep alive till they reach safety.

But suppose one man eats and drinks three times his share? Wouldn't the other five be tempted to push him overboard? They would certainly use force to stop his greediness. The subject was suggested by a letter from a reader.

At my place of work, *he writes*, there is a man who is an absolute hog, stuffing himself with colossal meals, even having two canteen dinners at a time. Appeals to his sense of decency have no effect. He boasts about his eating and his increasing weight.

How his wife and kiddies fare I don't know. I have seen him eat a tea which required sixteen points, so somebody must be going short.

What can be done about him?

Gluttony is included among the seven deadly sins, but, unfortunately, unless the food hog is found guilty of infringing the food regulations, the law cannot touch him.

But there is the great power of the unwritten law—"fair play all round"—and he should be made to feel its force. If everybody showed disgust he would soon stop boasting, and unless his case is hopeless he would realise that his behaviour is something to be ashamed about.

DO you believe that some men are born lucky? *asks another reader.*

When I see folk sailing through life with good health, fine jobs, and plenty of home comforts I can't help wondering. Does anyone get through a lifetime with no troubles worth mentioning, or does everybody have an equal share?

People often say, "Never mind, you are getting your troubles over early," implying that there is a definite amount for all, and that once they are over the remaining years will be good. But after battling with ill-health, sorrow, financial disaster, and all sorts of other worries I can't help feeling doubtful.

Experience does not justify the idea that in this world we all get an equal deal of good and ill. It clashes with our ideal of justice, but we do see some people having more than a fair share of trouble while others appear to escape scot-free.

I hear of thoroughly good people having the most diabolical ill-luck—and scoundrels getting off lightly.

It is difficult to reconcile this with a theory that we all get the same total in the end. We cannot believe a thing merely because we should like to do so.

PERHAPS the next letter will shed a little more light on the subject:

When I was first married, *says a man of fifty-five*, my wife and I often said how much we should love to hear some good music at the end of the day. We also longed to be able to see some good plays, but the nearest town was twenty miles away. Now we have the music every night by wireless, and we can visit the local cinema for a few pence.

We take these things for granted, just as we take good health for granted! We are not half as thankful as we should be for the good things—the coming of Spring, sunshine, and the sight of a sky filled with stars.

Don't you think we are all apt to get a lopsided view of life, dwelling on our miseries and troubles, and forgetting the credit side? What about friends, children, and the happiness of loving and being loved? Only when these good things are taken from us do we discover how important they were. What about the precious gifts of sight and hearing?

I have seen him eat a tea which required sixteen points, so somebody must be going short

You may wonder why I'm thinking about this just now. Well, I've just recovered from my first serious illness, and it has cost me over £60. But I had more than half a century of excellent health, which cost me nothing!

This letter is not a problem but a lay sermon.

It should make us all think again.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

HOW DOES AUSTRALIA STAND?

● Dr. Evatt, now on his way home, has solved many problems that were threatening the Commonwealth.

Australia no longer feels that Churchill and his colleagues are concerned only about "Hitler First!"

The Battle of the Coral Sea gave Australia a much-needed breathing space.

Although by no means safe, she has been given time for defence plans which ensure that, even if there were a Japanese landing, they would have to fight literally every inch of the way.

When Evatt arrived, Australia feared she was being neglected by Whitehall. He goes home, reassured.

WHY NOT A JEWISH REGIMENT?

● Had a Jewish army been raised in the early days of the war, it would have attracted Jews from all over the world and been of great use to our forces.

But not only the British Government was to blame.

Jews themselves did not agree. They argued that members of their race should join ordinary regiments and not be isolated, as this would encourage Jewish nationalism. Since then, Palestine was threatened and 200,000 stateless and Palestinian Jews asked to be mobilised.

Unfortunately, the old hangover of the last war remains—the promise of Palestine as a national home to both the Jews and the Arabs.

So if you arm the Jews, in Palestine, you cause fears in the Moslem world, quite as important to our cause as is Jewry.

As it is, Jews and Arabs in Palestine are recruited in equal numbers.

WILL RED TAPE ENDURE FOR EVER?

● General Auchinleck, in his protest against red tape in the Middle East, has actually quoted Wellington! Yes, even the Duke objected to the number of letters he was expected to answer when he should have been training his armies for fighting.

More and more, as the Civil Service grows—and the post-war world will need many more officials than we had in 1938—the problem of how to simplify Bureaucracy will become urgent.

Under our constitutional system Ministers have to answer for all that their officials do.

Officials can only observe every letter of the rules laid down.

Yet, as the State continues to evolve, as it will, a nationalising policy, it must also create a system under which the Civil Service, because of its rules and regulations, ceases to be a drag on the wheel of Progress.

SHOULD CHILDREN DO FARMWORK?

● Although school children helped on farms last summer, and were paid for their work, the Labour Party decided, last week, to oppose the idea.

Every child of a suitable age should, in my opinion, spend all possible time on the farms this summer. Not only would it benefit production. It would improve their health and give the kiddies a new interest.

A GOOD WORD

PUT in a good word when you can. It often alters an ugly plan, it often diverts a harsh campaign, it often heals a rankling pain, it often tosses a fragrant flower into a lonely shadowed hour.

PUT in a good word. Its charm is great, it has the power to extinguish hate, it often leads to a bright new road, and it often eases a dragging load, it sometimes makes a dream come true, and it often makes a friend for you.

PUT in a good word when you can. It often makes Life's lame lines scan, it often means a turning point, and it holds the power to bless and anoint a heart that's weary unto death, and one good word needs such little breath!

PUT in a good word when you can. It is like a magic talisman, it is like a seed from which will grow more goodness than you'll ever know, and it often helps folk in deep loss, and it's like Heaven-shine on Life's dark Cross.

PUT in a good word, nor count the cost, for its gains may be great and it's never lost, and it sometimes means the difference between the hope in a heart and the might-have-been, and it sometimes shows folk that you really care, and it always makes Life easier to bear.

J. M.

Research . . .

Raleigh wasted no time; day in, day out, he filled 'the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run.'

Diligently, in an improvised laboratory aboard his ship, he turned his enforced leisure to research.

The Raleigh organisation of today perpetuates that industrious and worthy example.

Research has led the van of Raleigh progress, has maintained and will continue to maintain the Raleigh Cycle's enviable pride of place.

Distribution of Raleigh Cycles is at present limited but in due time these famous cycles will once again be available for all. They are well worth waiting for.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

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THE LAST LAUGH

DOCTOR (London, N.).—"I once had the strange experience of going downstairs in the middle of the night and surprising a burglar who had consulted me the previous day." Had you told him to take things quietly?

G. O. (Baldock).—"Judging by some of the prisoners we have taken, the Germans are not having proper dental treatment." Well, it is very dangerous, of course, to open one's mouth in Germany.

D. N. (Shoeburyness).—"If you happen to have a piano, it helps to fill the room, now that new furniture is so dear." And if somebody starts playing, it often helps to empty the room.

T U. (Newton Abbot).—"A scientist says it would be impossible to strike a match on the moon." Smokers, therefore, continue to rely on their automatic lighters.

A. U. (Pangbourne).—"All my life I have been worrying, thinking, scheming and planning, but I have never been able to get on in the world." Ever tried working?

E. V. (Workington).—"After all, we don't get much meat and a joint of beef shrinks quite a lot when being well cooked." And afterwards, too.

T H. (Manchester).—"When I arrived home tired and hungry I expected that my meal would be ready. However, I found my landlady listening to dance music on the wireless, so what do you think I did?" You danced.

S. J. (Hildenborough).—"I don't put brilliantine or oil on my hair, as I think this habit is effeminate." See letter below.

Mrs. J. (Hildenborough).—"During the past year my husband has been losing his hair very quickly and he is now practically bald." See letter above.

C. K. (Sheringham).—"Although my cousin is far from pretty and is not exactly a chicken, two of my best friends are thinking of marrying her. I don't know whether George or Harry will be the lucky man, but I fancy she will marry George." Then Harry will be the lucky man?

D. B. (Frome).—"In the autumn I planted some American hyacinth bulbs called Mae West, but there is no sign of them yet." Oh, they may come up and see you some time.

F. F. (Barmouth).—"When learning to dive one should poise on the toes with outstretched arms and then plunge straight into the water." Strangely enough, that's how we learnt to punt.

M. W. (Ashford).—"Some passenger trains have been shortened." Experienced travellers complain that despite years of careful bath and breakfast timing the last carriage is now just out of reach.

G. L. (Gillingham).—"I have only one dress-shirt and the laundry takes a fortnight to starch it." What is really needed is a second front.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Wonderful lot o' railings that'll make when it's boiled down after all this, won't it, mate?"

Side-Slips

THE SUNDERLAND ECHO:—"... formerly a photographer, attended a man who had been struck on the cheek by a bomb SPRINTER."

THE BRIGHTON AND HOVE EVENING ARGUS:—"... and a number of people were injured by flying GRASS or debris."

THE TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"It is expected that our FEET will enter the harbour of . . ."

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DELIGHTS STRENGTHENS SUSTAINS

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● Joseph Cunningham, who is seventy-four years of age, is going through an extremely hard time, having just lost his wife after a very long illness. Their only son was killed in the last war.

His total income is 23s. 6d. a week, out of which 7s. rent has to be paid. With the present high cost of living this applicant has practically no money with which to secure that little comfort and warmth so necessary to the aged.

Any help our readers can send for this bereaved man should be earmarked "Memories," or for our General Fund, and addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,324

FIRST PRIZE £50

Miss A. M. Lockhart, 64, Park Rd., Southend-on-Sea, for this "Bullet":

HITLER'S WAY
WAR'S GONE—NOW, COMING!

220: J. H. Medlicott, 54, Monkmoor Road, Shrewsbury.
Task Before Us—"Tower"—So No "Blackpool."

210: S. Rollings, Blake St., Sutton Coldfield. Lucid—Is "Betraying" Anxiety, Now.

25: R. Ballantyne, 249, Bernard Street, Glasgow. Victory In 1942—Would Rule Whitehall's Plans!

24: A. G. Beaumont, 62, Bolton St., Brixham, Devon. Trouble In The Factory—Send Pilot, Not Official!

22: T. Scott, 14, Bow St., Bow Dene, Ferry Hill, Durham.
Pity The Tuchan, When—"Shadows" Fall On Him!

22: W. E. Hudson, 206, Church Road, Bolton.
Price Of Victory—Your "Bobbing" Putting Up.

20s.: O. Gretton, 31, Barbara Ave., Bayswater, Bedfordshire.
Task Before Us—Swiss, Remembering "What's Behind."

20s.: W. A. Northcott, 9, Vinerage Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth.
Lucidity—Shade Also "Overseas" Flameless.

20s.: A. E. Hemphrey, 31, Russell St., South Wigston, Leics.
From Hunting To Night—Decidedly I'm Called "Friends"!

20s.: Mrs. R. Chapman, 9, Walkers' St., Newton Abbot, Behind The Problem—Of Peace—Hitler's Walking!

20s.: F. Stevens, 16, Newcombe Ter., Heavitree, Exeter. Task Before Us—Lucidity Calls It "Blame"!

A list of 50 winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

8 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 270

WINNING WORDS: 1. Guard. 2. Plain. 3. Hat. 4. Trust. 5. Bullet. 6. Bowl. 7. Foot. 8. Chair. 9. Rib. 10. Stock. 11. Bell. 12. Gas. 13. Barton. 14. Lunch.

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Awards value £50 shared between 23 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

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ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £225 between Runners-up. For result of Xword No. 276, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.							3p	3p	3p
1 MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT IS ALMOST CERTAIN TO POSSESS		C	H	A		M				
2 THIRD FELLOW IS LIKELY TO BE UPSET BY	B	R	A	W						
3 CAPABLE SPEAKER WON'T SEEM THIS, EVEN WHEN ANSWERING HECKLER				A		I	D			
4 DEVICE FOR PUNISHING CRIMINALS	C	H	A	I						
5 THESE OF CHURCHES OFTEN RESEMBLE EACH OTHER			N	A		E	S			
6 A COW GENERALLY RETURNS IN RESPONSE TO ONE		C	A	L						
7 UNPLEASANT FACTS ARE SOMETIMES THIS BY SHEER ACCIDENT	B	L	U	R		E	D			
8 YOUNG RASCAL WON'T MIND THIS IF HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS				S		A	P			
9 IN OLD DAYS, ARTIFICIAL LAKE WAS PROBABLY STOCKED WITH		C	A	R						
10 THIS PROVIDES ENERGY FOR EVERYBODY						E	A			
11 CARELESSLY FLASHED TORCH IS APT TO MAKE DRIVER DO THIS	B	L	I	N						
12 TO SEE ONE BEHAVING BADLY IS BIT OF A SURPRISE						O	B			
13 DEALER WHO'S THIS WILL PROBABLY MAKE SOME PEOPLE SUSPICIOUS	C	H	E	A						
14 MAY CAUSE FOOLISH MAN TO TAKE THINGS HE DOESN'T WANT		B	A	R		E	R			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated June 27

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, JUNE 15

Signed .....

Address.....

280

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword coupons used. Two Xword coupons FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS — 1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S ALLIES
FOR THE SERVICES
IF DAD RAN THE B.B.C.
TO SAVE FUEL
DIN OF BATTLE
COMING ON
INEVITABLE
UTILITY DRESS
HIDDEN
COMPANY COMEDIAN
OUT OF THE EAST
IF WE COULD
SICK MAN
CRACK OF THE WHIP
I SUGGEST
GOOD SOLDIER
SEEING IS BELIEVING, SO
ALL WENT WELL UNTIL
HITLER CAN SHOUT, BUT
HOPING FOR THE BEST

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any EXAMPLE. First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, June 26. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading BULLETS in our 1,324th Contest on page 14.

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

RESULT OF THE .....
BEFORE WE.....
TO AVOID .....
DIFFERENT .....
TIME TO.....
FORGETTING HER.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 27.

P.O. Value.....

No.....

Closing Postmark 1,323 Monday, June 15.

Signed .....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,323—or Xword No. 283, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Mazo

SOAP ENERGIZING TABLETS

makes soap go further

and do the hard work for you

3½ per packet of 5 tablets

MZ 74-757

Thanks again to Fynnon Salt

2nd letter reports more progress—

taking 3 mile walks

By persevering with Fynnon Salt, this lady is turning "wonderful improvement" into a real recovery. After two months this "Grateful Sufferer" writes again :—

"I am fast getting rid of rheumatism entirely . . . and am now visiting far off friends, enjoying three and often five mile walks. Just before Xmas I walked three miles to visit a friend (aged 70) in a mountain cottage."

Fynnon is Nature's Salt of the Earth. It washes away rheumatic acids and prevents them reaccumulating. That is why people find Fynnon Salt so very beneficial. Large tin, 1/6. Trial size, 7d. Prices include Purchase Tax.

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middx

If your feet hurt —get CRO·PAX

Whatever your trouble, there are 30 scientifically designed CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS to bring you instant relief and a speedy cure. No need to suffer any longer.

CRO·PAX FOOT AIDS

are within the reach of all, from 3d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all chemists . . . and all WOOLWORTHS STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD.
Nottingham & London

C24

ACID STOMACH

WIND, PAIN AND NAUSEA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalizing effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick, sour feeling and headache—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it to-day; you'll be delighted. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity) *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3, and 3/11½. *(Including Pur. Tax).* Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Mrs. S: It's a job these days to find just what you want.

Mrs. T: **I find shopping so much easier since I took to Fry's every week. It's one really good food at a price everyone can afford.**

Mrs. S: Well then, it's going on my weekly order for good.

Mrs. T: **It's always top of my weekly list. Fry's is food out of a cup, I always say, and it's wonderful how it takes the edge off the kiddies' appetites. And they just love it — after all, it's the cocoa with the real chocolate flavour.**

FRY'S COCOA

The food you should buy EVERY WEEK

5D QTR. LB. · 9½D HALF LB.

★ Always use a tin to store your cocoa in.

C432.39443

The quickest and safest

PAIN KILLER

— it's a tonic too.

Phensic quickly relieves pain — no matter whether it is acute, such as a frontal headache, or a dull wearying pain like neuritis. As your pain disappears you feel better than ever. There is no finer tonic than Phensic, the quickest, safest pain killer!

3½d., 1/4, 3/3

including Purchase Tax.

SIMPLY TAKE 2 TABLETS OF

Phensic

Pronounced "FEN-SIK" DOESN'T HARM HEART

TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF

Use your films for snaps they'll treasure!

Cheer the Forces with snaps from home

on SELO films

Sole Roll Films are only supplied through photographic dealers. Ilford Limited cannot supply direct.

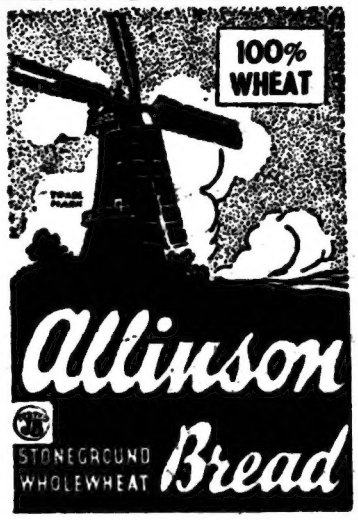
Made by ILFORD LIMITED, ILFORD, LONDON

SCRUB AND CLEAN WITH FAIRY SOAP AND KEEP YOUR HANDS LOVELY!

LARGE HOUSEHOLD TABLET 2½D TWO COUPONS

HALF TABLET ONE COUPON

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



Allinson

STONEGROUND WHOLEWHEAT *Bread*

STOP SEPTIC WOUNDS

Before minor injuries become serious dangers, Lion Ointment brings inflammation out; prevents it spreading; forms healthy skin in a few days. Safe and sure for Cuts, Burns, Septic Wounds, Boils, Impetigo, Eczema.

Chemists per box (Inc. Pur. Tax.) 1/3, 3/-

1/3

BURGESS **LION** OINTMENT

The WIZARD OZ

2/1

— for Sundays

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